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Contents

THE POLISH JEW TODAY - - - - -	Emil Lengyel	141
SMALL STREET SCENE - Woodcut - - - - -	Jakob Steinhardt	147
ISRAEL - TEN YEARS OF ACHIEVEMENT - - - - -	Abba Eban	148
COSMOLOGY - A Poem - - - - -	Charles Angoff	153
THE COLOR BAR IN ENGLAND - - - - -	Marjorie Hope	154
STUDY HOURS - Pen Drawing - - - - -	Regina Mundlak	158
BAR MITZVAH - A Short Story - - - - -	William Braden	159
THE REBETZIN - Painting - - - - -	Jennie Siporin	164
THE ART OF DIEGO RIVERA - - - - -	Alfred Werner	165
AGRARIAN LEADER ZAPATA - Fresco - - - - -	Diego Rivera	169
MAY DAY - Water Color - - - - -	Diego Rivera	170
THE SOUTHERN SEGREGATIONIST AND HIS ANTI-SEMITISM - - - - -	Stanley Meisler	171
NOTES ON SHOLEM ASCH, NOVELIST - - - - -	Charles A. Madison	174
PERSONAL IDENTITY - A Poem - - - - -	Helmer O. Oleson	179
BOOK REVIEWS - - - - -		180-199

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The Polish Jew Today

By EMIL LENGYEL

ABOUT FORTY MILES west of Poland's old coronation town, Cracow, there is a unique museum. It is in a small town that saw the extermination of more people than any other place, not only in our days but in all times. In comparison with the record of this town the mass assassinations of Attila or Gengis Khan are puny. The town is Poland's Oswiecim—previously known as Auschwitz—and the museum was erected in the shadow of the five chimneys which saw the extermination of some four million people during World War II, most of whom were Jews. The very name of Auschwitz is synonymous with genocide.

In its museum there are exhibited hundreds of thousands of broken, down-at-the-heels shoes of men, women, children, even small babies. These belonged to the victims. In other rooms the visitor sees mountains of decaying toothbrushes and still others are piled high with eyeglass frames. The Nazis had removed the good shoes and toothbrushes, and extracted the glasses from the frames.

No less macabre is the museum's filing room. It contains the documents the Nazis drew up about their victims with the dependable care for which Prussian bureaucracy was known. With the incredible cynicism that was the Nazis' hallmark, they never used the term "gas chamber" but coined an unusual word for their genocidal work, *Entwesungskammer*—"Desubstantiation chamber."

It was as a memento to the horrors of racism that the Poles constructed the museum after the war. Nazis considered the Polish Gentiles, too, an inferior race, named them *oestliche Untermenschen*—eastern sub-humans—and exterminated many of them, too. It was not only the Warsaw

ghetto but most of the entire capital that fell victim to the Teutonic wrath.

The Poles' suffering during the war was so immense that one would expect that they would have an understanding for the Jewish tragedy. Yet, again anti-Semitism stalks in Poland, not in darkness, but in broad daylight. It takes form in attacks on Jews in the streets, dismissing them from their jobs, pressing them to abandon their homes, bullying their children in the schools. Periodically, anti-Semitism erupts into flash-pogroms. The surviving Jews see themselves again endangered. What is actually going on in Poland and how has this condition come about?

These questions can be answered only against the historic background, since the Jewish tragedy of today's Poland is the product of history. For many centuries the "wandering Jew" tarried in Poland. Why did he go there and how had his progeny become so fruitful? The discovery of Jewish twelfth and thirteenth century coins indicates not only that Jews were there already in those days but it also supports the view that under Mieczyslaw III and some of his successors Jews may have been in charge of coinage. Jews must have enjoyed full civic rights, since they could keep slaves. Their influence is underlined by the ghetto legend that tells the story of a Jew, Abraham Prochownik, who was King of the Poles for a day.

The mass arrival of the Jews in Poland, however, is linked to the fifteenth century pogroms in much of Europe. When the Spanish executioners worked overtime to burn Jewish martyrs, Austria, Bohemia, and many German lands made raids on the lives and property of the Jews. Jewish immigrants penetrated into Poland from the south,

along the Vistula river, and settled in compact groups.

Poland's kings encouraged the settlement of foreign city-dwellers in the hope that they would help to turn natural resources into gold. Impressed by Western Europe's prosperity, these kings invited not only Dutch shipwrights, German and French artisans, but also Jews. The German settlers, however, scorned Jewish competition and the struggle about Jewish civic disabilities was on. The kaftan of the old-fashioned Polish Jew and the visored caps, worn also by Warsaw citizens, were German garments. The burghers discarded them eventually and adopted the baroque splendor of decorative French dresses, but the Jews stuck to the ancient fashions.

The theory that many Jews may have stayed in Germany before moving on to Poland found corroboration in the Yiddish language, derived from fourteenth and fifteenth century Rhenish-German dialects. Polish tradesmen adopted German, which was the *lingua franca* of mid-European finance and trade. When the policy of tolerance had to yield to prosecution in Poland, the Jews in their ghettos stuck to their alien tongue as they stuck to their foreign garments out of defiance. Both of them became embodied not only in their religious rituals but in general ways of life.

Even though separated from their Christian neighbors, the Jews took a patriotic interest in the welfare of the country that was bent on humbling them. When Tadeusz Kosciuszko rose against Russia after Poland's second partition, in the late eighteenth century, he made a special appeal to the Jews and they responded to his call. Joselovich Berek, private at first and colonel when he met death on the battlefield, was in charge of a light cavalry brigade of Jews. The Jew Jankiel in Adam Mickiewicz's *Pan Tadeusz* was the portrait of a Jewish hero. When Napoleon I held out the hope of a resurrected Poland, Jewish spokesmen besought him to see that the "most tragic nation on earth" received justice.

However, complications arose about the

admission of the Jews to the national guard at the time of the 1830-31 revolution. The revolutionary government refused to admit those of them who were poor and even those whose faces were not shaved. The disqualified Jews formed their own bewhiskered shock troops. While oratory raged around the Jewish beard the uprising was crushed. But no such controversy marred the renewed struggle for independence in 1861. Jews played a part even in the "undeground cabinet" fighting Poland's Russian rulers. When Czarist "law and order" were restored, Count Nicolai Pavlovich Ignatiev, Poland's pacifier, whom the ghetto named "the dog," filled the statute books with anti-Semitic orders. Restrictions in the Pale of Jewish settlement were reinforced and Jewish intellectuals were expelled by the thousands.

Finally, there came the happy autumn day in 1918 which brought liberation to Poland from thralldom and gladdened many Jewish hearts. The rejoicing was, however, of short duration. Independent Poland's twentieth century inter-war policy has been described as worse than anti-Semitism. To the extent that it sought to deny the Jews' right to free existence, setting up a state while ignoring Jewish rights, it was a-Semitic. What was the reason for this attitude on the part of a country which had suffered so enormously under foreign rule?

The official Polish attitude was compounded of diverse ingredients. First, there was the fact that the Jews in the Pale—some 3,500,000—formed more than ten per cent of the population. Then, the Jew belonged to an obvious minority. Most of the Poles are Catholics. Many Jews spoke Yiddish, an alien tongue. In the midst of a principally farm country, the Jews were mainly town-dwellers — professionals, tradesmen, artisans. Most of them were very poor, often paupers, but some of them were rich; and this generated jealousy. A disproportionately large number of the Jews were literate, highly articulate people and the educated Polish classes regarded them as rivals.

Resurrected post-World War I Poland was faced with crushing economic problems.

The dream of a heavily tried country receded before the reality of authoritarian ideas that were to weld a heterogeneous people into a homogeneous unit. Radiant New Jerusalem failed to take shape and again the Jew became the scapegoat.

Though the Jews were more literate than their Gentile neighbors, the Polish State kept them out of the administration even on the lowest levels. When a Jewish spokesman complained in the Warsaw *sejm*—legislature—that Jews could not become postmen even where they formed a majority, a cynical Minister replied that this was an unfounded statement since there was one Jewish postman in southern Poland, Galicia. In the entire republic there was not one Jewish policeman. But there were Jewish secret-service men to spy on their co-religionists. Not one Jew was ever appointed to the bench.

Some ninety-five per cent of the workers in such tobacco manufacturing centers as Grodno, Bialystok, and Vilna had been Jews while the Czars ruled over much of pre-partition Poland. Now, however, these workers were dismissed and were replaced by Gentiles. Thus, more than 700,000 Jews were deprived of their livelihoods.

At the same time, the Polish Jews had to pay 31 per cent of all taxes, and this was three times larger than their per capita share. Qualified Jewish students were kept out of the schools of higher learning by a *numerus clausus*. They were forced to occupy separate benches in the class-rooms at one time. A Jewish seminary in Vilna was shut down in the twenties on the ground that one of its students was a Red. The student was cleared but the school remained closed just the same.

It will be seen from these cases—and their number could be multiplied many times—that resurrected Poland did not live up to the expectation of her becoming a sanctuary of freedom.

Then came the Nazi invasion and Poland's fall. A free Poland was to be created in exile. Unfortunately, there was no free Poland for the Jew. Polish officers ready to

battle the Nazis' racial insanity indulged in blatant "racial" discrimination. The army of the "freedom fighter" General Wladislaw Sikorski was *judenfrei*.

The Soviets pounced upon this chance, and encouraged the formation of another Polish army that was to become their own satellite. With the formation of the rival army the troubles of the Polish Jews began anew. Since they wanted to fight the Nazis they got into this armed force where not a few of them were indoctrinated with communism.

When the war was over the full extent of the Jewish tragedy became evident. Never had any group of people ever seen such disaster. The Jewish millions were dead and most of the survivors could not bear the thought of having to breathe the air that smelled of the burnt flesh of their kin. Many of them left for Palestine, and when there came into being Israel they went there. How many Jews remained in Poland? One cannot even guess, since census questions about religion are not asked in Poland. Estimates at the beginning of 1957 ranged all the way from 30,000 to 70,000.

The Germans out, the Soviets maneuvered their Polish disciples into leadership posts even though few nations detested bolshevism more than the Poles. As Catholics they are at the opposite pole and as peasants they are incarnated conservatives. The Pole considers himself the very substance of the West, the bulwark of Occidental culture against the Oriental "Muscovite." How were the Russians to superimpose communism upon the Poles? Since the Soviet-sponsored Polish army was impregnated with communism, many men in uniform were moved up to leading positions and not a few of these were considered Jews.

It is not quite correct to say, though, that many leading Stalinists of post-war Poland were actually Jews. They could be considered as such only under the Nazis' racial theories. They did not consider themselves Jews and did not practice their religion. Best known of these people were Hilari Minc, the country's economic dictator, and

Jakub Berman, the power behind the throne, *eminence grise*. They were members of the Polish Politbureau, top policy-making organization.

At the same time, a large number of Polish Communists were Gentiles, and some of these were of the most extreme Stalinist creed. Being non-Jews, however, they were less conspicuous than the so-called Jews. It must be also pointed out that in Poland, too, as in Hungary, it was Jewish writers that sparked the attack against the Stalinist type of terror. The audacious periodical — *Po Prostu* (*Off the Cuff*) — had a largely Jewish editorial staff. Eventually, it assumed such a strongly anti-Communist attitude that it was clamped down by the the Gomulka regime after Poland's anti-Stalinist revolt in 1956.

Under the Polish Communist regime, too, anti-Semitism has been virulent and waged, paradoxically, on both the left and right. What the Polish Communists did to the Jews is attested by the record. Up to the autumn of 1956 three major waves of anti-Semitism struck the country. The first one was launched in 1951-52, when Communists of Jewish descent were ousted from the upper party apparatus. The second wave struck in the period of 1954-55, when people of Jewish origin were ejected from the armed forces. The third wave removed many Jews from the United Workers' Party. The actual work of purification was undertaken by the so-called activists who were instructed to probe into their comrades' racial backgrounds. The Jews who fell under the axe were denounced as "cosmopolitans," people who looked at the world, evidently, not from the parochial Communist point of view. This period coincided with the virulent outbreak of anti-Semitism in Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union, in the case of the Moscow doctors' alleged plot and the Slansky trial.

The entire Jewish community felt the purifiers' heavy hand. The Central Committee of Polish Jews was liquidated and its presumed successor, the Cultural and Social Union of Polish Jews, was placed under

Communist control, its activities devoted to the fight against "Zionist fascism" in Israel and to participation in peace campaigns. The chairman of this body, Hersz Smoliar, waged his private war against the "non-productive elements" in the Jewish community.

The only tolerated newspaper of the Jewish community was a Communist one, *Folk-Sztyme*. A so-called literary and art monthly, *Yiddische Sztiften*, appeared under the auspices of the Cultural and Social Union. The Union of Jewish Writers and Journalists was dissolved and its activities were transferred to the All-Polish Union of Writers. The Jewish Historical Institute in Warsaw was made to follow the Stalinist line.

Jewish schools of traditional learning were wiped out. Religious education was denounced as the hotbed of Zionist and chauvinistic heresy. Parents were forced to send their children to national schools, where they got full-fledged communism and anti-Semitism. Jewish youth organizations were liquidated. A press campaign was waged to teach the workers why they should not stay away from their work on religious holidays.

Finally, in the spring of 1951, the Polish Jews' migration to Israel was all but stopped. People entertaining the idea of going there fell under a very dark shadow and some of them were detained.

Official anti-Semitism in Poland did not end with Stalin's death in 1953 and the XX Congress of the Communist Party of the USSR early in 1956. As recently as July 1956, when the Seventh Plenum of the Central Committee of the United Workers Party (Communist) of Poland met, serious thought was given to a radical solution of the "Jewish problem." The question was mooted whether the Jews should not be restricted by a *numerus clausus* in several walks of life. Also the question was to be decided whether the party was to be completely free of Jews. This debate remained inconclusive. Soon Poland entered upon a new period of her history.

Meanwhile, however, the extreme right wing attack upon the Jews assumed large

proportions. The trouble appeared to be that the Jew was too efficient, that the Jewish artisans' cooperatives were better organized than the others, that the Jews worked harder and were even a little more prosperous.

Anti-Semitic violence erupted into the streets on occasion. The record is sketchy because the government tried to hush up these incidents. Here are a few illustrations of what did happen. Already in the early days of the Communist regime there was an ugly outbreak in the city of Kielce, the details of which have only now been made available by a Polish emigre newspaper published in Paris. The object of this pogrom appears to have been the attempt to discredit the proponents of a certain brand of national communism.

An even more dangerous outbreak occurred at the end of 1956 in Lower Silesia where the largest number of Polish Jews appear to have settled. This region belonged previously to Germany. The pogrom occurred in the town of Waldenburg, a place of some 73,000 inhabitants, which is called today Walbzych.

A Jewish butcher in Waldenburg—according to reports—engaged in an altercation with a Gentile miner. The latter alarmed the townspeople and soon a mob congregated in front of the butcher's house, bent on lynching. He barricaded himself. The town police came and viewed the scene with obvious interest. Thwarted in "getting" the butcher, the crowd went in search of other Jews, on a destructive rampage. The alarmed would-be victims called neighboring police forces which joined their local colleagues as interested spectators. Then the police of the capital, Breslau—now Wrocław—was called and it finally put an end to the pogrom.

It is against this background that Jewish life in Poland must be assayed. As a result of the XX Party Congress in Moscow the anti-Stalin line gained strength in Poland, too. Jakub Berman was dropped from the Politbureau. On June 28, 1956, an event of historic importance took place in Poland. The city of Poznan witnessed a general

strike in the course of which some 50,000 demonstrators clamored for bread and freedom. They also demanded that the Russians should leave the country. The Polish armed forces intervened and there was a clash between them and the strikers, in the course of which more than fifty people were killed and hundreds were injured. Was the Poznan revolt to be the signal for a nation-wide uprising?

Quick action was needed. There was only one man in Poland whose voice would be heeded by the enraged patriots, and he was a former Secretary General of the Communists, Wladislaw Gomulka. Unlike the Stalinist internationalists, he was a nationalist Communist who dared to hold to the view, even under the Stalin terror, that each country had to follow its own laws of organic growth. What was good for Russia was not necessarily good for Poland. Because of these views, Gomulka had incurred the Kremlin's wrath and was placed under house arrest, awaiting the completion of a dossier of charges against him to be used at a gala trial performance. This was in 1951, and during the next five years "Gomulkianism" was an execrated word on the lips of the Stalinists.

The trial never took place, perhaps because of Gomulka's immense popularity. Here was a man who dared to defy Stalin himself, a man who could not be brainwashed. Poles—not necessarily Communists—looked upon Gomulka with the deep reverence that is the due of a national hero and martyr.

When the call was issued by the Polish demonstrators to Gomulka to resume his role as leader, the Kremlin scented trouble and its troops began to march on Warsaw. This was in mid-October, 1956. It seemed as if a terrible bloodbath was unavoidable—the Russians and patriotic Poles. The Polish Communist leaders had to admit, however, that Gomulka—and nobody else—was the only solution. The Politbureau was in constant session and it decided with 74 out of 75 votes to reinstate Gomulka in his leading party position. He minced no words in stat-

ing his position to the Russians. Their troops were to be withdrawn from the Polish capital, and thenceforth their number, location, and movements in Poland were to be limited. The cost of maintaining those troops was to be borne by Moscow. Poland's debt to the Soviets was to be cancelled. The Polish government was free to accept aid from the West. The Poles were to have a free hand in governing themselves.

For all practical purposes, orthodox communism disintegrated in Poland. The regime made its peace with the Church. The Soviet type of collective farm system disintegrated and the peasants reverted to private ownership. Industrial plans were re-arranged in favor of consumer goods. Workers' councils were to take the place of the discredited Soviet-type trade unions. Gomulka turned to the United States for help. "We will eat a little better than last year," he said recently, "but the food will not come out of our own pots."

As the General Secretary of the ruling party and the leading member of the Politbureau, Gomulka became Poland's most powerful man. How have the Jews been faring under his regime so far?

Even though Gomulka is the strongest single political force in Poland, he did run into opposition which is still trying to trip him. The Polish Stalinists formed a group of their own, known as the "Natolin group," so named after a villa where visiting dignitaries used to be entertained. Several members of this group remained in the Central Committee of the ruling party. Some of their members were reported using the Jew again as a scapegoat. "Natolin planned to solve the problem of responsibility for past mistakes through the classic method of finding scapegoats," wrote a former Stalinist, J. Putrament, in a Polish publication early in 1957. "The scapegoats were the Jews."

The influence of the Natolin group in the country was limited. Still, it kept on working, possibly in the expectation that the Kremlin might again turn against Gomulka—a Polish Tito.

Gomulka was also confronted with the

opposition of the "revolutionists," who belong to different factions. Some of them would like to move completely away from the basic tenets of Marxism and Leninism. One faction, which calls itself the "Madmen" (*Wsiekli*), is entirely anti-dogmatic and is considered anti-Communist by some faithful party members. The "Tito Line" in Poland would not be too far-fetched for many adherents of the revisionist faith. Anti-Semitism is not virulent on this side of the fence. It is completely unpopular among those who would like to go all-out in favor of parliamentary democracy on the British model.

Recently, some attempts have been made to reconstitute the Polish Peasant Party, which played an important role in the interbellum period. In its heyday it was a conservative organization and anti-Semitism was not alien to many of its members.

Gomulka's place is somewhere in the center. He chides the Natolin groups for their "dogmatism" and "stubborn adherence to worn-out formulas with no regard to changed historic conditions." He has also inveigled against the revisionists. Being a Communist, he is not deeply impressed by the parliamentary system of the West. As to the Jews, he is far from being an anti-Semite, and the press, which he controls, keeps on warning against the dangers of racism. The Party Secretariat recently issued a call to all party workers to keep up the "struggle against all symptoms of nationalism, chauvinism, and racialism." The party admitted, in the words of the authoritative newspaper *Trybuna Ludu*, that "instances of discrimination against the Jewish population have recently assumed a particularly disturbing aspect."

In spite of this attitude, it was Gomulka himself who eliminated Jews from the upper ranks of the Communist Party. Obviously, he is trying to ride out a possible storm.

What is the attitude of the remnants of Jews in Poland in the face of the country's basic anti-Semitism? There seem to be only a few of them who are determined to remain in their country under all circumstances. Many of these are assuming protective color-

ing, leaving their fathers' faith and embracing Catholicism. Perhaps the majority of the remaining Jews appear to be convinced that their only salvation lies in emigrating. Many of them would prefer to join kinsmen in various countries of the West, particularly the United States, but here the quota law and security screenings represent formidable obstacles. Others want to or are resigned to go to Israel. With Gomulka's advent the barriers were somewhat lifted and Jews started moving out so quickly that in the last few weeks of 1956 some 3,500 of them left for Israel. Emigration continued at the rate of 3,500 in the first few months in 1957 and then slackened to 2,500 a month.

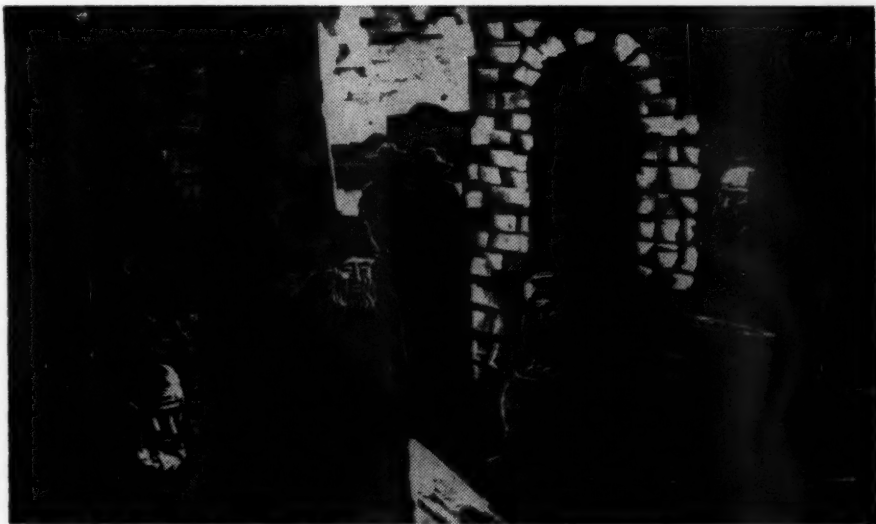
On the other hand, Jews have been reaching Poland from Russia, where they had been detained for years. It is unlikely that their number will make up for those who are leaving their native land.

The Polish Jew faces the future with foreboding. He has been caught between the tongues of an irresistible pincer: the non-conformism which is characteristic of both communism and of extreme nationalism.

The Jew is different from his non-Jewish neighbors. Being different he is considered somebody apart, another type of creature, "not one of the group." That is, of course, unpardonable in that part of the world.

Poland may be one of the first countries in the satellite belt to discover that communism is not only oppressive but also a singularly unsuited economic system to the needs of western civilization. In mid-August, 1957, Poland was again shaken by strikes and other signs of restlessness. These "earth-shakes" publicized the tragic facts of Poland's economics: coolie-wages and the inability of the State to raise the people's standards of living. If the economic depression of Poland continues there will be another reason for anti-Semitism—the Jew is the ready-made, built-in scapegoat.

The history of the Jew in Poland has always been shot through with tragedy. Having been a charnel house of a large part of the Jewry of the world, Poland, for centuries the main center of Jewish life, appears to be ready for the final curtain on the last tragic act.



Small Street Scene

JAKOB STEINHARDT

Israel—Ten Years of Achievement*

By ABBA EBAN

WHAT ARE Israel's achievements which have exerted so potent an influence upon the thought and the writing of our age? Israel's achievement is the people of Israel—six hundred and fifty thousand when our independence was proclaimed on that awe-inspiring and perilous morning nine years ago; and now, in the tenth year of independence, beyond the two million mark. This is a people that grows not only in its numerical strength, but also in all the elements of its national cohesion, its discipline and its cultural identity.

Israel's achievement is the land of Israel, the most famous and sacred of soils, rescued by loving hands from primeval desolation and restored to the grace and fertility which marked its aspect in ancient times. This decade has taught us that Israel's aridity and desolation are not organic parts of its nature. They are the product of centuries of apathy and neglect. The life-giving energies of irrigation and offorestation can remove the disgrace which has ravaged this land throughout many centuries, and recall the great epoch when the Psalmist spoke of our "green pastures and peaceful waters."

Israel's achievement is the culture of Israel, a culture charged with the virtues both of age and youth, reaching back in continuous lineage to the revelations of Hebrew Prophecy—and yet harnessed with full ardor of spirit to the mysterious potentialities of the atomic age.

Biblical Prophecy and nuclear science mark the two sharpest insights of the human mind into the mysteries of the universal design. One people, and one people alone, comprehends within its continuous national memory the whole achievement of human

thought across three thousand years, from biblical ethics to modern science—from the old inheritance to the new potentiality. This is the unique dimension of Israel's cultural opportunity.

Israel's achievement is Israel's democracy, a solitary citadel of free institutions in a region where liberty has few other bulwarks.

The chief pride of Israel's democracy rests in its solitude. Around us on every side we see the varied forms of authoritarianism: The absolute monarchies of the Arabian Peninsula, the decadent feudalisms of the Fertile Crescent, and the military dictatorships—which are all that the greatest of the Arab countries have so far been able to contribute to the evolution of Moslem political institutions.

Israel's democracy is firmly rooted in the popular consciousness. We uphold democracy as the highest expression of man's social personality. We ardently hope that the contagion of freedom will spread beyond our frontiers and embrace in its beneficent grasp the other newly emerging nationhoods and societies of our region.

Israel's achievement is the open gate through which nine hundred thousand of our kinsmen have poured in nine years to join us in the dignity and freedom of our new national opportunities. Here, too, the wonder of this event is not to be measured in physical dimensions alone. Israel's mass immigration must be understood against the agonizing memories with which this immigration is saturated. The holocaust in Europe which left six million of our kinsmen butchered and slaughtered upon the altars of the Nazi empire, the anguished martyrdom, the squalor, degradation and peril in which so many of our newcomers have dwelt in Africa and in Asia—these are the associations which give spiritual depth to Israel's

* From an address by Abba Eban, Israel Ambassador to the United States, before the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations.

immigration, marking it as an act of rescue and salvation with few precedents in the history of political institutions.

Israel's achievement is her physical survival against the most savage, vengeful and relentless hatred by which any people has ever been surrounded.

Israel's achievement is the great network of friendships which she has established across the five continents of the world, in the old world and in the new. There are still gaps of alienation in that network of friendship, and Israel's full stature in the international community has yet to be asserted. But to have established friendly relations in diplomacy, culture and commerce with the vast majority of the states of the world against the vehement challenge of our neighboring region ranks not the least high among the achievements of Israel's first decade.

Israel's achievement is the great solidarity which we have maintained, in triumph and in adversity, with millions throughout the world who share with us the matchless dignity of descent from the Hebrew faith and tradition.

Israel's achievement is her aspect of universality. Whenever the eye of sensitive historic insight falls upon our state, it is carried beyond the little slice of land and the immediate point of time into a domain of memory where everything speaks of breadth and grandeur. Israel as a historic idea is broader and more transcendent than Israel as a geographical fact. This state, above all others, can be truly contemplated not in terms of geographical dimensions but in terms of historic and cultural association. Israel must be regarded not merely on its surface aspect, but in depth. It is in those terms that the emergence of this people, after two thousand years of dispersion and exile, shines forth as the completion of one of history's great cycles, a bridge thrown across the gulf of continents and generations to mark the essential unity of all historic processes.

These then are the achievements—in the building of a people and the revival of its

land, the renaissance of its culture, the reinforcement of its democracy, the defense of its home, its great unfinished journey toward international recognition, the universality of its memories, the deep and pious emotions which its fulfillment evokes. These are themes worthy of thanksgiving. Even when on the other side of the balance sheet we set the frustrations and the disappointments of the past ten years, we cannot doubt that this is a dynamic story of victory and advance. The air of Israel is alive with the tumult of creation. This will rank forever as the most unforgettable amongst all Jewish generations.

To these, the general achievements of the past nine years, there must be added the special achievements of the last year, the most tempestuous of all the years of Israel's modern nationhood. In the center of that year there stood the glorious Sinai expedition, in which our people rose up in legitimate defense of its hearth and home. It was marked by three decisions by the Government of Israel. First, there was the decision in October, 1956 to resist the despotism of Nasser while there was still time and thus to reduce the arrogance of this autocracy which cast the shadow of its domination over the whole Middle East.

Second, came the decision to hold our position at two selected points, at Gaza and the Gulf of Aqaba, in order to seize the mind of the world for an urgent dialogue between a small people struggling for security and an international community which had allowed that small people to sustain its perils in solitude.

The third decision taken in March of last year was to withdraw from these positions in return for solemn assurances and commitments by the great powers, including the United States, to work for free navigation in international waterways, for peace upon our frontiers and for international resistance to belligerency by land and sea.

Each of these was a hard decision. Each required courage. The decision to resist and stand fast required international courage. The decision to withdraw required domestic

courage. Yet each decision was sustained by the democratic consent of a sovereign people. I believe that each of these decisions was the right decision, taken at the right time and in the right way. If, with the retrospective wisdom of experience, we were called upon to take those decisions again, in no single case would the substance of our resolve be different.

Of the decision to resist, I will speak to you in general terms at this time. Although the dust has settled, the question of the legitimacy and rectitude of that action will long agitate the conscience of our generation. It is a cause of acute regret that that decision sometimes evoked a lack of comprehension in friendly minds. Yet I am convinced that such divergencies of estimate and view which arose in the context of that decision are not proof of any deep-seated moral conflict. They arise purely from differences of geographical perspective. The perils of Nasserism were very close to us, and very remote from others farther away. In twelve minutes flying time away from our cities there lurked the new offensive weapons which Nasser had accumulated from Eastern Europe and which he had brought up to the Sinai peninsula and Gaza, openly avowing their purpose to be Israel's destruction. Perhaps there is no better way for you to understand the motives of this historic action than to put yourselves in our place. You would have to imagine a military dictatorship establishing itself in your hemisphere, upon your doorstep, becoming the strongest military power in your continent, importing planes, and guns, and tanks, and submarines from the Soviet Union, announcing that the object of this spectacular rearmament was to bring about your destruction, declaring itself to be in a state of war with you, seizing your ships in international waterways, cutting you off by blockade from maritime access to two-thirds of the world, sending armed units into your country for the purposes of havoc, ravage and murder, killing forty thousand of your people in a few years—that is what the toll would be in the comparative relationship of our popula-

tions—concerting an alliance with two other countries on your frontiers and announcing that the object of that covenant was to bring nearer the day of your destruction.

Unless you can say in perfect serenity of conscience that such a peril would have been allowed to grow and grow until it became irresistible, there is no room for dogmatic repudiation of Israel's choice, and the question becomes one of practical judgment alone. We are convinced that we did what any other people would have done in our place, with the reservation that many would have done it sooner and with stronger impact of resistance. Israel's resistance to Nasserism was the only alternative to a conflict later on in which we would have sustained the full brunt of the tyrant's fury in circumstances in which the victory was inevitable.

I know that there are some who interpret the Charter of the United Nations as meaning that if someone advanced toward you with a long, sharp knife and announced his intention to cut your throat, you must not move until he has made the first incision. But there are other interpretations which say that the over-riding duty and obligation of a government is to safeguard the integrity of its nation and the physical security of its citizens. It was under the imminent and openly declared threat of Israel's destruction that we moved forward. The history of the past thirty years teaches us one thing—that an aggressive dictatorship can never be resisted too early; it can only be resisted too late.

These were the memories and solemn concerns which moved us in that action. Israel, distilled from the tears and the longings of hundreds of years; Israel, the collective climax in the history of a people; the consolation of a people in its hour of unfathomable grief; the solitary sanctuary in the modern world of the Hebrew faith and tradition expressed in free political and social institutions; Israel, embodying all of these values and ideals, was in danger of being swept into a torrent of violence. It was against that unthinkable contingency that the signal for

resistance was sounded. It is significant that the rectitude of this decision was upheld by others who were directly affected by the encroachments of Nasser's illegalities. The countries which spoke for the sovereignty of the independence of Europe were simultaneously moved into indignant and forceful resistance. The closer any nation was to the impact of the evolving threat of Nasserism, the more clearly it foresaw the inescapable necessity of resistance. Nor is it insignificant that amongst those who resisted Nasser were those who in Europe had historically been earlier in the diagnosis of perilous dictatorships than had others thousands of miles away.

Of the other two decisions much more is known and understood, and here little divergence need exist in the opinion of free men. The four or five months in which with great tenacity and against many difficulties and obstacles we held our ground afforded to the world's conscience the necessity to occupy itself seriously, as never before, with the basic problems of security and stability in the Middle East. The decision to withdraw was taken in return for the assurances and commitments of the United States to work for free and innocent passage in the Gulf of Aqaba, for the observance of law in the Suez Canal, the law of universality and non-discrimination, to strive for the maintenance by the United Nations, and not by Egypt, of responsibility for Gaza, and above all, to institute united action by the friends of freedom everywhere to produce for Israel and her neighbors a greater measure of tranquility than existed before.

The Sinai campaign was Israel's most intensive effort since her establishment to consolidate her physical security. The international discussion which took place in the sequel of that expedition was Israel's most persistent appeal since her establishment to the understanding and the sympathy of the world. The question arises whether these sacrifices and efforts have been in vain or whether they leave behind them any harvest of advantage for Israel and for the cause of liberty and freedom. Although the balance

sheet does not contain every item that we would have liked, we consider that these events have transformed the Middle Eastern scene in favor of peace and progress and peaceful consolidation, and that the Middle Eastern scene today has many features which it lacked six months ago and which would not be present now but for the courage and the audacity of these decisions. The first sharp change that we now record is the diminution in the terror of Nasser's military power. The legend of his military predominance has been shattered. No one in Israel, and no one in the other States of the Middle East, any longer loses sleep at night worrying about the myth of Nasser's military power. There have been a salutary restoration in the military equilibrium and a greater balance in the psychic approach of Middle Eastern countries towards the basic issue of their independence. There are Arab countries which in recent weeks have begun to assert their independence against the claims of Nasser's hegemony and the totalitarian influences by which Nasser is sustained. Would these monarchies and republics have shown such courage six months ago when the lurking peril of Nasser's MIG's and Ilyushin bombers cast its shadow over every peaceful home? These new stirrings and impulses of independence in the Middle East owe nearly everything to the new conditions of peace and freedom created by the reduction of Nasser's military arrogance. Some Arab States in their relations with Nasser have learned the valor of which discretion is the better part.

The other two concrete issues have also emerged in a new light. The Gulf of Aqaba and the Straits of Tiran are now open, and open they will remain. This opening of a new window by Israel at its southern extremity involves a great change in our country's geographical position. It brings before our eyes the vision of our country as a bridge across which the commerce of nations shall flow freely between east and west, between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean—between Africa and Asia on the one hand and Europe and America on the other. For the

countries of western Europe a new prospect is opened of losing their exclusive reliance upon the Suez Canal as the sole link between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. No single country, and therefore no country at all, would have a monopolistic control of the crucial link between the oil-producing countries of the Middle East and the oil-consuming countries of Europe. Thus the monopoly which has been the chief source of tension between the Western world and the Middle East will be diminished. Clearly, this is a national interest which Israel must defend to the ultimate limits of its tenacity and resistance.

In Gaza the United Nations have now assumed responsibility for security. That responsibility could have been more affectively discharged if the United Nations had retained not merely the capacities of security but also those of administration. Let us, however, hope that the record of the international organization will be vindicated by its discharge of this responsibility. What a somber paradox it would be if an area in which the United Nations has responsibility for security were again to become a spring-board for aggressive acts of murder and havoc against the territory of a neighboring member State. The International conscience could not sustain such a contingency. Our only aspiration in reference to Gaza is that our people should not be assaulted by sudden violence by day and night; that the villages, farms and townships of our coastal plain and northern Negev should not live under that inferno of insecurity which marked the record of the past eight years. Gaza and Aqaba were important in themselves but far more important as symbols of belligerency by land and sea.

To these advantages there must be added for us another, perhaps less concrete and tangible, but no less decisive. I refer to Israel's swift progress in the understanding and the sympathy of the world. Never has Israel stood higher than today in the pride, trust and affection of multitudes of people throughout the world. The tide of sympathy for Israel's cause, of reverence for her past

and faith in her future, flows bountifully across this continent and touches men of generous faith in every creed.

As the tenth year comes to its end, the image of Israel's future emerges only dimly across the future path. Much depends on whether our neighbors will cease to surround us with the relentless hostility which has marked their attitude throughout every day and month of our first decade. We believe that this is a hostility which they can well afford to renounce. Look at the great pageant of Arab emancipation which has gone together with the revival of our small country on its little notch of soil. Twelve Arab countries in which fifty million Arabs live in independence on a rich and abundant area of four million square miles—this is the triumph and victory of Arab nationalism in our day. Five new Arab sovereignties have completed their freedom during the very decade within which Israel has consolidated her freedom in her little land. Is the world asking to much if it requires of that people in its huge patrimony that it live in peace with a little neighbor established in an area one four-hundredths of its size? Would it not have been an indelible disgrace to the universal conscience if a world community, which had rightly liberated the Arab people in its empire, had begrudged to the Jewish people the renewal of its sovereignty within the smallest piece of territory within which the purposes of any nation can ever be fulfilled? This must surely be the most exigent call of the world conscience to the Arab nation in this era of its emancipation. That self-determination which they have claimed and won so lavishly for themselves is also, albeit within a more meager domain, the right of others. On this principle of the mutual recognition of statehood and sovereignty, the structure of a Middle Eastern peace can be peacefully erected. Once the basic fact of Israel's legitimate statehood is realized, the solution of all other problems will flow as an inevitable consequence. There are no problems outstanding between Israel and the Arab States which will survive for six months any serious attempt to solve

them by negotiation. The Middle East is capable of adjusting within its regional expanses all the divergent interests of Israel and of her neighbors. The Arab world in its huge and growing economic opportunities is fully able, if only the instinct and impulse of kinship and responsibility existed, to cure the most tragic consequence of the Arab invasion of Israel—the refugee problem. Can anybody say that there is any objective lack of capacity by the Arab world to find homes for seven hundred and fifty thousand of its kinsmen, homeless as a result of the action and initiative of the Arab States? Where in history has there been such an example of a group of countries having created a problem and possessing the full capacity to solve it, withholding that capacity in pursuit of propagandist ends? Yet, as we complete the cycle of our tenth year, we cannot say for certain that the next decade will be less turbulent than the first. It is infinitely preferable that Israel should flourish in cooperation with her neighbors; but we should not underestimate her capacity to flourish in any case. Perhaps the healing hand of time, the conciliating effects of world opinion, a growing oblivion of the turbulent events of the last few years will, in the fullness of the historic process, bring about that reconciliation which we seek.

This is the broad perspective which our people will contemplate in this, its decennial celebration. Of one thing we are certain: the end of our second decade will find us with our third million of population; with water brought down from the Jordan to the dry places of the south; with the green belt of fertility expanding year by year; with new towns, villages, schools and factories spreading a network of reviving life across many a slumbering landscape. The pulse of commerce will beat strongly between Elath and the eastern continents, while Israel strengthens her links with her own Mediterranean world. The Jewish faith and tradition everywhere will gain new pride and confidence from the emanation of Israel's collective example.

These achievements are, by the grace of

history, within the power of our hands. The road stretches out before us long and hard; but if the journey is arduous, the prize is incomparable and deeply worthy of attainment! To restore the cycle of Israel's broken nationhood; to generate a new seed for Israel's birth of life; to give articulation to mankind's oldest culture which, more than Greece and Rome, has determined the evolution of moral civilization; to bring consolation to a people in the aftermath of its grief; to take the shattered remnants of the most ancient of peoples and quicken them with energy and compassion into a new lease on life—to do all of these things merits the best of our people's quality and faith. This enterprise of reviving Israel's nationhood is not a matter for a small generation. This is a great drama conceived in majestic terms and acted in the sight of eternity. If we play our parts worthily in its unfolding course, all future generations will rise up and call our memory blessed.

COSMOLOGY

By CHARLES ANGOFF

I wonder
What the sun knows
That escapes
All our philosophies.

I wonder
What the moon thinks
Of all our certainties.

I wonder
What the stars see
In our pride
Of limitless
Mentality.

I wonder
If the planets
Chuckle or
Merely pity us.

The Color Bar in England

By MARJORIE HOPE

FOR THE FIRST TIME in British history a Negro will soon be standing for Parliament. When the next general election is called, Dr. David Pitt, a Grenada-born physician, will be the Labor candidate from the well-to-do London constituency of Hampstead.

Does this mean that in England the "color problem" is negligible? On the contrary, the post-war influx of migrants from the British West Indies has been accompanied by mounting racial tension. In Trafalgar Square and on suburban street corners, small but articulate groups of Oswald Mosley's neo-fascist Union Movement are preaching that colored men are responsible for a "reign of terror" in crime. In other parts of London, an English wing of the Ku Klux Klan has been sounding the alarm, "Keep Britain white."

At its July meeting in Torquay, Britain's largest trade union, the Transport and General Workers, passed a resolution to persuade the government to impose "strict and orderly" controls on the immigration of foreign and colonial labor in order to "safeguard the employment and living standards of the British people." Although the conference echoed with phrases of universal friendship and tolerance, and only oblique references were made to colored workers, it was evident to most observers that the targets of the resolution were the West Indians. In the words of the *Manchester Guardian*, many delegates "spoke with the uneasy air of potential schizophrenics." For the first time in British history, too, an anti-discrimination bill is being introduced into Parliament. Sponsored by Labor M.P. Fenner Brockway, the legislation would bar discrimination in housing, in public places, such as hotels and restaurants, in conditions or employment, and in trade unions.

Nor are most Labor Party leaders optimistic about Dr. Pitt's chances of carrying Hampstead. "It's a Conservative community, anyhow," they admit. "We put him up, frankly, as a challenge, a political gesture—and simply because he's the best man we could find." It is the intellectuals', rather than the workers' wing of the Hampstead Labor group which thus far has given most wholehearted support to Pitt's candidacy. At least in public, Pitt himself expresses more confidence about his chances of winning. A hearty, powerfully-built man, the Doctor combines the easy geniality and vigorous speaking ability of the born politician. Regarding his candidacy, he says:

The other day they asked me on a television interview why I should represent the white community of Hampstead. "Why not?" I answered. First, I'm representing Socialism, not any particular group. Second, Hampstead is actually multi-national. Besides the English, there are thousands of Africans, West Indians, Irish, Jews, and other Europeans living here. And third—well, I didn't say this, but I wanted to—in Trinidad they've just elected a white Minister of Trade, John O'Halloran. If the Negroes there can be so objective, should we think that the English people are less so?

Pitt, then, does not expect to make an attempt to identify with his own or any other minority. He says:

That would be a mistake. In the first place, the West Indians' population here simply isn't large enough to have that much political importance. Besides, it's my belief that instead of forming a group apart, they should try to integrate. Then, too, those I want most to reach are the arty-crafty people here, who often don't bother to vote at all, and the "average" middle class, who think their best interests are served by Conservatism. But I believe I can convince them, for instance, that the Conservatives' housing bill just passed by Parliament—that iniquitous bill removing so many rent controls—is going to bring them a great deal of hardship.

Although he speaks more spontaneously of Socialist doctrine than of West Indian

problems as such, Pitt admits that the situation of the migrants here is troubling. He points out that their greatest difficulty lies in finding adequate housing. The principal reason for this is simply that post-war Britain still has not enough homes for her population. In many cities, applicants for public housing, for instance, have to wait five to ten years for accommodation. Besides these normal difficulties in finding a home, West Indian migrants are also likely to confront discrimination.

Their other major problem is that of finding work. While there is almost no difficulty in getting some job, now that England is enjoying virtually full employment, many migrants cannot find one at the level they expect. Coming from an under-developed agricultural economy, they are often not trained for the industrial positions which are open. Even "skilled" workers frequently discover, to their confusion, that the level to which they have been trained does not meet the standards demanded by British employers and trade unions. Moreover, feelings about hiring even adequately trained colored labor are somewhat ambivalent. As long as the present shortage of skilled workers continues, most employers will not be reluctant to take on West Indians. What they fear is the future. If a depression should come, British workers may well begin to agitate against "foreigners" who have "taken their jobs." This fear of the future—this anxiety that their hard-won security may not endure—more than a deep-seated color bar lies at the root of the English laborer's hostility to the newcomers. Pitt comments further on the situation:

Some trade unions have tried to arrange unofficial quotas with employers. On the other hand, most unions have willingly accepted colored members—if only because this relieves their fear that Negro workers may try to undercut them. I tell the West Indians, "Join the unions. And then, go to the meetings." They're not used to that. On the Islands, there's nothing to compare with the British tradition of active participation in organizations. When the West Indians have integrated better into the life of the community, and when the English realize that these British subjects are actually needed here, the situation will have improved considerably. On

the whole, West Indians are accepted here when they've had a chance to prove themselves. Conditions aren't like those in America.

In many respects, the situation of the West Indians does parallel that of American minorities such as the Puerto Ricans in the States. The urge to migrate is basically similar. Like their Caribbean neighbors, West Indians face the problem of overpopulation—in Jamaica, for instance, more than 1,500,000 people live in an area of 4400 square miles. Like Puerto Rico, the British Islands are still subsisting on an under-developed economy; the per capita income of the West Indian is somewhat less than \$200. For both migrant groups, too, the arrival in large numbers—often by special boats and charter flights—has been a post-war phenomenon. The American visitor to West Indian homes in the Brixton area of London might well imagine himself in Spanish Harlem or Chelsea. Like Puerto Ricans, migrant families of six, eight, or more persons often live in two dark rooms with deplorable sanitation facilities.

On the other hand, most authorities agree with Dr. Pitt that the problems faced by colored people here are not proportionate to those of Puerto Ricans in the States. In the first place, the West Indian newcomers are fewer in number. While there are 600,000 Puerto Ricans living in the States, only 90,000 British West Indians have come to the United Kingdom in the past few years. Moreover, while most of the Puerto Ricans have settled in New York, the West Indian migrant population is more diffused throughout Britain. Unlike the Puerto Ricans, too, the West Indians face no language problem. (Yet many have been bewildered by Britishers who inquire blandly: "You speak English, yes—but what's your native language?") By the same token, the West Indian, whose customs are similar to those of the British themselves, do not experience so much cultural conflict as the Puerto Rican migrants with their Spanish traditions.

Finally, of course, history has not conditioned the English to race prejudice as it has done persons living in the States. This

difference, together with the British ideals of "decency and fair play," militates against open expression of color prejudice. Yet it is this very tradition of "decency" which makes it difficult for any visitor—or, indeed, many Britishers—to discover how much intolerance actually exists. Most English people are extremely reluctant to admit that they are prejudiced. Only a few are so frank as the Cockney woman postal clerk who remarked spontaneously, "Oh, they can say there's no color bar in England, but it's not true! I wish there wasn't one of these West Indians in the country!" More numerous—if one is to take their words at face value—are those at the other extreme. These people voice no objection either to working with colored people or to having them as neighbors and friends. They are usually much less receptive to the idea of mixed marriages, but are likely to think that this is a matter for the individual concerned to decide for himself.

The most typical expression of feeling, however, seems to be the guarded observation: "Well, there's a good and bad everywhere, I always say. . . ." Seeking further, one is likely to discover a confused mixture of acceptance and prejudice. As one white bus conductress put it, "The very men who'll tell nasty stories behind a colored man's back, will be all up in arms if anyone should try to really harm him. Or when they realize they've hurt him, they'll feel ashamed—and show it." In many cases, too, landlords and employers have refrained from carrying to court quite legitimate grievances against colored people, out of fear that they might be considered prejudiced.

Most English workers, if they admit to hostility against West Indians, are likely to add quickly, "But it's not the color bar, see? I'd feel the same about the Irish or Europeans—they just don't have the right to take a job from an honest Englishman." In actual fact, the migrants have not caused unemployment in any industry they have entered; on the whole, they are filling jobs which Englishmen do not want to do.

While other migrants do face discrimination, and while xenophobia has sometimes

been called characteristic of the "insular" English, authorities agree that it is not "just the same for all foreigners." Colored people encounter many more difficulties in finding good jobs and housing than the Irish, for instance. Moreover, although they constitute only half the colored population in Britain, West Indians are most frequently the scapegoats for prejudice. They are more concentrated in certain areas than other colored minorities, and—unlike many Pakistanis, Indians, and Africans—they do not come to study or to find work on a merely transient basis.

According to the British sociologist, A. H. Richmond, "conclusive evidence" suggests that one-third of the English people can be considered tolerant of colored people, one-third mildly prejudiced, and one-third extremely prejudiced. He points out, significantly, that most people think others more prejudiced than themselves, and so base their behavior on the expectations of these "others." Thus, landlords may refuse lodging because of what husbands or neighbors might think; employers refuse jobs to colored workers because of what their white employees might say and do; and hotel managers worry about what their clients will think if they admit Negroes. Such an ambiguous situation has bred anxiety in the West Indian Negro. Not many migrants may be so bitter as the laundress who exclaimed, "The English don't love nobody. Soon's I save a little more money, I'm going back to Jamaica." But most seem to share the feeling expressed by one student, a Florida-born woman, frequently mistaken for a West Indian:

In the States, you know where you stand. Here, you never know. Sometimes I think the English are just hypocrites. You go along meeting nice, friendly people—and then, suddenly, meet someone like the woman in the bus who yelled when I accidentally bumped into her, "Why don't you people all go back where you came from?" A lot of my West Indian friends would rather go to the States—and might have gone, if the McCarran-Walter Act hadn't made it so hard. Of course, there's more feeling against the colored people back home—but at least you're not always wondering.

For the first time in their lives, West Indians may encounter prejudice. If they are refused jobs, then, they can never be sure of the reason. Many migrants who arrive feeling that they are fully skilled workers are unable to understand that their training may not meet British standards. Can they believe that their rejection is based on more than the "hypocritical" excuse of an employer? Because they are not accustomed to discrimination, and because they arrive with high expectations of taking part in the life of the community, West Indians are all the more hurt when they meet unexpected rejection. They may be admired as cricket players, rebuffed as lodgers, applauded as Calypso singers, and spurned as friends or fellow workers. As a result, many colored people withdraw into their own circles. One is often told here that much of the segregation is imposed by the West Indians themselves. Others begin to "carry a chip on their shoulders." One London "bobby," for instance, declared, "You can't tell them anything. You try, and they throw up their color—you're just after me because I'm Jamaican." Yet, however ambiguous the verbal expression of prejudice, the actual practice of discrimination continues. One housing study, for example, revealed that "approximately 70 per cent of the landlords were unwilling to accept colored students, and as far as very dark Africans or West Indians were concerned, the figure was nearer 85 per cent."

Despite this tension and recent outbreaks of Klan activities, most observers agree that conditions are better than they were one year ago. Partly because the inflow of newcomers has lessened, and partly because the employment situation has improved, the outlook is more encouraging. Much of this progress is due to the vigorous efforts of some fifty political and welfare organizations variously concerned with combating discrimination. Church groups, civic societies, and interracial committees throughout Britain meet colored people on their arrival, and try to help them find work and accommodation.

The first thorough attempt to study West Indian migrant problems was made in 1955, when Norman Manley, Chief Minister of Jamaica, sent a small fact-finding mission to Britain. The members of this team were his son, Douglas Manley, and Clarence Senior, of New York. With his long experience as Head of the Migrant Services division in the Puerto Rican Department of Labor, Dr. Senior seemed particularly well fitted to direct the study in Britain. As a result of recommendations made in the survey report, a British Caribbean Welfare Service has been operating since June 1, 1956. Similar in structure to the Puerto Rican Office in New York, the Service deals with a wide variety of functions—from industrial relations to welfare and community problems. In most cases, it does not assume direct responsibility for migrants, but instead works in liaison with already existing welfare organizations, employment groups, and civic societies. Today, the newcomer discovers not only that reception arrangements have been made for him, but also that at any time he can find assistance in England.

While the Service and related organizations are helping ameliorate present difficulties, how much attention is being paid to the "long view" of the problem? The government, through the British Commonwealth Fund, is concerned with developing the resources of colonial areas. Most representatives of the Opposition, however, feel that much greater assistance should be furnished to stimulate colonial production, and that more whole-hearted support should be given to agencies like SUNFED. Dr. Pitt himself does not feel that the immediate independence of the West Indies will by itself solve the problem:

On the contrary, they need Britain, and Britain needs these colonies. Since the major problem is over-population, the first step, now, is to facilitate migration—not only to England, but also to relatively unsettled land in British Honduras and British Guiana. In some parts of the agricultural Islands, the population is actually twice that of industrial England! Long-term solutions, of course, depend on population control and industrialization on the Islands. But it will probably be a long time before these developments begin on any sizable scale.

How long will it be before a Negro is sitting in Parliament? Fairly soon, say some observers, if the British economy gains new strength—since it is the workers, with their fear of being “undercut,” who have voiced the greatest hostility to Negroes. Sooner still, if Pitt makes a good showing in the next election. In that case, he may be given a marginal constituency for the following campaign, a district where he stands a reasonable chance of winning. In fact, it may only be a question of how soon party leader-

ship deems the moment appropriate. If it so wills, Labor could next place Pitt in a “safe” constituency.

Some students of the London scene even feel that if the Conservatives are astute, they will rise to the challenge and put up their own Negro candidate—in a “safe” Conservative constituency. If this happens, visitors to the Parliamentary Halls may witness the singular scene of two West Indians debating, from opposite sides of the fence, the virtues and vices of British colonial policy.



Study Hours

REGINA MUNDLAK

Bar Mitzvah

By WILLIAM BRADEN

THE BOY HAD LIVED twelve years without knowledge of loneliness; and then, one summer, it was revealed to him.

His friend Meyer had been gone for almost a month. A heat wave and polio epidemic had closed the schools late in May, and the children whose parents could afford it in that depression year had left Chicago weeks ago for summer camps in Michigan and Wisconsin. But he had been left behind, and he trudged the hot streets in idle misery, overwhelmed with sadness and self-pity.

Each day he would linger in the deserted schoolyard, in a gravel wilderness scorched by the sun, where, in a dilatory manner, he would shoot baskets with a ragged tennis ball. Or, there being no money for a movie, he would walk down to the street-end beach, where swimming had been forbidden because of the epidemic; and there he would play ducks and drakes with colored pebbles or would sit on the sand, in the blinding light, and follow the progress of a far-out sail.

From there he would sometimes wander over to the synagogue on Federal Street and loiter outside, as though it were any other weekday and he were waiting for Meyer to be excused from his Hebrew lessons. And he thought with nostalgia of their homeward walks, when they would discuss ways of spending a million dollars, or what ports they would call at when they became soldiers of fortune in the South Seas, or how they would never marry and go off to work in some dreary office or shop.

They swore they would stick together and always be friends and never forsake each other.

Often, as they walked, Meyer would recount the rabbi's exegesis, telling how the

moon stood still in the Valley of Ajalon, or how Gideon led the Children of Israel with ram's horn and torch against the Midianites.

"Why don't you take the lessons?" Meyer had asked him.

"I can't," he said. "Mother said I'd have to be a Jew."

Now Meyer was gone. Now even his mother had no time for him, except for Sundays — when, after supper, she would clear the kitchen table and place the little radio on the white tablecloth so they might sit together, with the night outside, and listen to Fred Allen and Jack Benny and Charlie McCarthy.

One night his mother smiled oddly at him all through supper, as if harboring some secret, and afterward she laughed and told him that something wonderful had happened.

"No, Carl," she said. "Don't ask me. Go and see Mrs. Baum."

Minutes later he was knocking at the back door of Meyer's apartment. The Nubian maid hugged him and ushered him to a parlor that blazed with electric lights, where a woman awaited him beside a table cluttered with medicine bottles.

"There's our pet," she said. "You don't mind all the lights, do you? My husband imagines they keep death outside."

She sat in a Morris chair, propped up with pillows, fluttering a Japanese paper fan, a giant of a woman who panted and perspired in the sultry night, like some exotic queen of Ur or Nineveh, her arms laden with gold and silver bracelets, diamonds flashing on her fingers and pearls hanging like clusters of translucent berries from her ears.

She waved him to a chair with the rain-bow-hued fan and sent the maid to pour him a glass of root beer.

"Do you know what the New Deal is?" she asked. "No? What a pity, darling. Then we can talk politics, can we? But no matter. You are a good little boy and we love you."

He said nothing.

"You have the gift of silence too," she said. "If only that Ifrit of mine were so good and quiet. I'd be a happy woman."

Then she pointed with the fan to a short, fat, bald little man who slumbered like an innocent cherubim on the Louis XIV sofa.

Mr. Baum was attired in a satin gown of midnight blue, with white polkadots, and his face wore a celestial smile of content. Doubtless the little merchant was dreaming of his dry goods store on Halsted Street, a barnlike emporium of merrily jingling cash registers. Or perhaps he had returned, in sleep, to his boyhood days in Warsaw. (He spoke often of the walled city within a city, and how he had made his way across the shining sea to America.)

"Israel and I have been talking about you," said the woman. "You are lucky to have a mother who works so hard for you, we said, and it is so sad that she can not give you many things you should have."

He sat, sipping his root beer, and listened to the sandflies and moths that beat against the screened window. Outside he could see a street lamp glowing with a sallow halo, casting a puddle of yellow light on the parked roadsters. It was very hot, and there was no wind.

"I have written to Major Rosenberg," she said, "and everything has been arranged. You are to leave for camp next Friday."

And so it was, late one afternoon, that he found himself sitting at the window of a coach in a downtown train shed. His mother tucked a cardboard box containing his extra clothes under the seat and handed him a lunch box to hold on his lap. She kissed him and whispered in his ear.

"Be good," she said. "Mind your manners." She reflected. "Remember," she added, "that you are only a guest in this camp. You are not like all the others."

He looked at her, not understanding.

"Never mind," she said. "I don't always

mean what I say. You are all children of God."

Next moment she was gone. He saw her on the platform, her handkerchief to her eyes, and then the train began to move. He waved from the window, watching as his mother grew smaller and smaller on the platform and then was lost from sight, as if the earth had sundered and sent them flying apart.

He felt a strange tug at his stomach, or his heart, but did not understand that, either.

Later he sat by the window looking out at fields of corn and wheat as the express tore northward across the flat prairies of Illinois.

A white sun burned down on seas of grass and clover. A lonely puff of cloud hung like a shell burst in the pale blue sky.

He stared out at the sunny fields and thought about Meyer. He thought, I'm coming, Steve, I'm coming to camp. (They had an arrangement: He called his friend Steve, and Mayer called him Jim.)

He ate his lunch. Mile after mile clicked by, fell behind, and the day waned. Now the land changed, lifted its back in rolling hummocks as the prairie fell behind.

The westerling sun dropped low, flooding the sky with reddish light as the train crossed the Wisconsin line into the Middle Border, into the Sunset Regions. A cold jewel glowed in the west. It was Venus, the evening star.

The conductor made his way down the aisle. He stopped, consulted his turnip watch, and smiled, revealing crooked brown teeth.

"Well," he said. "Traveling all by your lonesome, are you? If you tell me where you're headed, I'll see you get off there."

The boy struggled with shyness.

"I'm to get off at Three Forks," he said.

"For Camp Big Bear."

The old man shifted the quid of tobacco in his cheek and frowned. "Camp Big Bear, you say? Now that's peculiar. What's your name, boy?"

"My name is Swanson . . . Jim Swanson."

The conductor shook his head. "Very strange," he said. "Swanson. But never mind. We don't come into Three Forks till real late. You buy a pillow from the porter and get some sleep. I'll wake you up."

The old man puzzled the boy. He didn't buy a pillow, for they cost a quarter. Instead he curled up on the seat and looked out the window.

It was dark now. There was no moon and the countryside that flicked past was as black and mysterious as the sky. There was a wind now, too. He could hear it whining over the land, and he knew it was turning colder as they raced northward in the night.

His head nodded.

Once before there had been a train, he remembered. It was night then, too, but a winter's night, and a tall, gentle man in a high collar had sat beside him, holding his hand as the coach rattled and clattered through the darkness. They got off at a little town (in Indiana, it was) and there they walked down the silent, snow-drifted streets until they came to a small frame house. Later they slept together in a big brass bed in the attic of the house.

"This is where I slept when I was a boy," said the man. It was cold in the room, and the wind whistled in the chinks and under the eaves.

A grandfather clock ticked loudly downstairs and tolled the hour. The boy shivered, and the man held him close and sang to him. He sang the only songs he knew, the songs he had learned in France, sang *It's a Long Way to Tipperary* and *Over There* and,

*Keep the home fires burning
While our hearts are yearning;
Keep the home fires burning bright
Till the boys come home . . .*

In the morning the boy lay on the parlor floor, the winter sun shining weakly through the lace curtains and frosted windowpanes. Flowers filled the room, and an old woman with white hair lay in a coffin set on wooden trestles by the windows. The boy took a book from the bookcase and opened it on

the floor. The book was *The Marvelous Land of OZ*, but the boy couldn't read, he could only look at pictures. For a long while he looked at the pictures and then began to cry. The man came into the room and asked why was he crying and the boy pointed hopelessly to one of the pictures in the book. "I want to be there," he said, and the man smiled and mussed his hair and told him he mustn't cry, it wouldn't help matters.

Thus the boy remembered it, his eyes closed. But he was not yet asleep. He opened his eyes and looked out.

The moon had risen now, and the stars were bright and cold. Dark clouds moved across the sky, passed over the moon and sent long shadows racing over the fields and up the hillsides.

Tiny lakes shimmered in the moonlight.

The boy looked out over the land, and once again he felt the tug at his heart, as he had felt it before, in the station; felt a *de profundis* longing for something he had left behind him, back there, in the city, far away, and he did not know what it was.

He was tired. But he fought against sleep, for he didn't want to miss anything.

As the train passed through the northern towns, which were going to sleep now, he caught glimpses of dirt streets and plank sidewalks, the stores dark and padlocked, here and there an arc lamp swinging in the wind above an intersection, a Model T parked under a loading platform, and no stir of life, only the lonely little sign, in each of the towns, the lonely little EAT sign on the all-night cafe on Main Street.

A long freight rattled past from the north, heading down from the Mesabi, its gondolas laden with iron ore, its flatcars piled with green, fresh-cut logs.

And the train rushed on, carrying the boy, who was asleep, across a wilderness laved with blue ghostlight; raced along the lofty pine ridges that rose high above the silvered lakes and forests, then descended into the valleys, to cross the flat lowlands like a ship, on some lonely sea lane, crossing a moonlit ocean; thus the train charged on through

the sleeping world, shattering the fragile shell of silence with the banshee shrieks of its klaxon.

The boy slept, sometimes dreaming, sometimes not, slipping from darkness into a sunlit dream, back into darkness, until . . .

He awoke with a start.

He had no idea how many hours had passed or what time it was; but something told him that it was very, very late.

The train had stopped. The coach was dark, but for a few night lamps, and the other passengers were asleep, stretched out like the dead in grotesque positions on their seats. There was a sharp hiss of escaping steam, somewhere under the car, and the sound of an engine backing off.

He looked out the window into darkness. They seemed to be in a woods, on some kind of siding. He walked to the front of the coach, peered through the glassed door, and saw that the sleeping cars ahead had been uncoupled and shuttled off somewhere. Far up the track a giant eye, slowly revolving, stared at him with blinding light. The headlight of the locomotive.

The conductor entered the coach. He carried a bull's-eye lantern in one hand and his big, gold watch in the other.

"This is it, boy. Get your gear together."

The boy pulled his box from under the seat, followed the old man to the doorway, and stepped down into the night.

A blast of icy wind stung his cheek. Across the gravel roadbed, which rose in a slope toward the trees, a chorus of toads and crickets chirruped from the forest shadows.

"This is Three Forks. Just a siding, as you see."

The boy nodded.

(Soon now, he thought. I'll be there soon, Steve.)

The conductor remounted the iron step and waved his lantern. The locomotive began to move slowly forward, and the boy stood alone, shivering, and wondered what would happen next. Then he heard a voice calling from above: "Hullo, below!"

He turned in the direction of the shout,

looked up to see a dark figure silhouetted under the stars at the top of the slope.

"You there, is that the Swanson boy?"

He nodded foolishly, then shouted that it was.

"Come up, then. Up here."

He scrambled up the weed-run slope. At the top he found a sleepy-eyed young man stamping his feet against the cold, his hands shoved deep into the pockets of his checkered Mackinaw.

The youth appraised him silently. "Come on, then," he said. "I'm parked up the road."

Soon they were ensconced together in the cab of an old pickup truck, pitching and swaying along a rutted clay road under a panoply of overhanging branches, the driver hunched in abstract concentration over the lights of the dash.

They emerged from the trees and picked up speed as they moved across the open farmland. The moon had set long ago. As they bumped and jolted along the lonely back roads there were only the twin beams of their own headlamps, which lit the patch of road ahead like a ghostly stage, and the boy stared with fascination at the moths and other frantic insects that appeared from the wings, from the fringes of night, to hurl toward them down the slanting cones of light.

Lost, he thought of Curdie, the miner's son in the story of *The Princess and the Goblins*, and wished that he, too, had a golden thread to lead him back to his own world. Then he saw something that struck him with wonder, there in the sky above the spear pines.

"Look," he said. "What's that?"

The driver shook his head. "It's not anything," he said.

"But they look like searchlights."

"It's only the aurora, socko. The northern lights."

"Oh," he said, and the weariness closed in upon him again. When he opened his eyes, later, he was not certain whether he had slept.

"Better stay awake," said the driver.

"We're almost there."

They had turned off onto a narrow dirt path. As they rounded a bend, the sweep of the headlamps revealed, in turn, a clapboard house and a cluster of outbuildings. All dark.

"Everybody's asleep," said the driver. "You'll see the Major at reveille call."

They pulled up behind the cookhouse, where the driver lit a smoky kerosene lantern. Then they set off on foot across the athletic field. Over their heads wheeled the Little Bear and Big Bear, and the nimbus of the aurora blazed in the north like a green sun.

On the far side of the field, in a pine woods, they reached a military row of screened, open-air cabins. They stopped at the last in line. "You'll sleep here," said the youth, "with your friend." He handed over the lantern. "Don't wake the others," he said. "Your cot is third from the end."

The boy mounted the step, entered the cabin and stood just inside, holding the lantern high. He hesitated, straining his eyes, and one of the sleeping figures rose in the flickering light to whisper urgently:

"Jim, is that you?"

The boy grinned; then, unaccountably, he flushed with shyness.

"Yeah, Steve. It's me. I got here."

Meyer jumped up and helped him fix his cot, showed him how to square the corners of the khaki blankets. The boy undressed, blew out the lantern and slipped between the wooly covers.

They lay in the dark, talking in whispers, the boy relating the details of his journey while Meyer expatiated upon camp life.

"You'll have a great time," said Meyer. "I don't suppose you brought any fags, did you?"

"Cigarettes? What for?"

"I smoke now," said Meyer, with an easy-going sophistication that nonplussed his friend. "Would you like one?"

He produced a pack of Sweet Caporals, lit two and passed one over.

"Do they let you smoke here?" asked the boy.

"Don't be a dope," said Meyer.

They smoked in silence a while, using a

coffee tin full of sweeping compound for an ash tray, and the boy wondered whether to wait until morning to give Meyer the presents. He'd accumulated a thick stack of baseball cards, including Luke Appling and Al Simmons and Jimmie Dyes and Ted Lyons and Vern Kennedy and Mike Kraevich and Monty Stratton and Zeke Bonura, and he meant to give them to Meyer.

"By the way," said Meyer, "how's your mother?"

"My mother? What made you ask that?"

Meyer exhaled an enormous cloud of smoke. The wind, which was still freshening, quickly caught it and whisked it through the screening.

"Can't I ask a simple question?" he said. "She's so old, is all. I just wondered was she okay."

"Well—I suppose she is kind of old, in a way."

"She's old, all right," said Meyer, without malice, simply stating facts. "She must of been pretty old when she had you, I guess. I'm sure glad my folks aren't old. I'd be scared all the time they were going to die."

(Why did you have to say that? Why did you have to say that?)

Neither of them spoke for a few minutes. It was chilly in the open cabin, and the boy trembled under the blanket.

"Tomorrow," said Meyer, "I'll introduce you to Ronnie Kaplan."

The boy tossed on the cot. "Who's Ronnie Kaplan?" he asked, without interest.

"Who's Ronnie Kaplan? Say, don't you read my letters? He's a real ace, that Ronnie Kaplan. You'll see. He used to live in Detroit, and this is his first year at camp. He knows all about the Tigers, too, and his dad's a friend of Hank Greenberg's."

"The Tigers? Who cares? What about the White Sox?"

Meyer ignored the question. "Can you beat it," he asked, "it turns out Ronnie Kaplan and I were born on the same day, and we're going to have our bar mitzvahs together. Our folks said they'd throw a real party for both of us."

"That's swell, I guess."

"Sure it is. Easy, too. After we move old Ronnie Kaplan'll be living practically next door to us."

The boy stared across at his friend.

"Move?" he asked. "What do you mean, move?"

"I mean move," said Meyer. "Didn't you know we were going to move this fall? I thought my folks must of told you. We're moving over by Lincoln Park. My dad says the old neighborhood is going to hell."

"Well," said the boy, "nobody told me you were going to move."

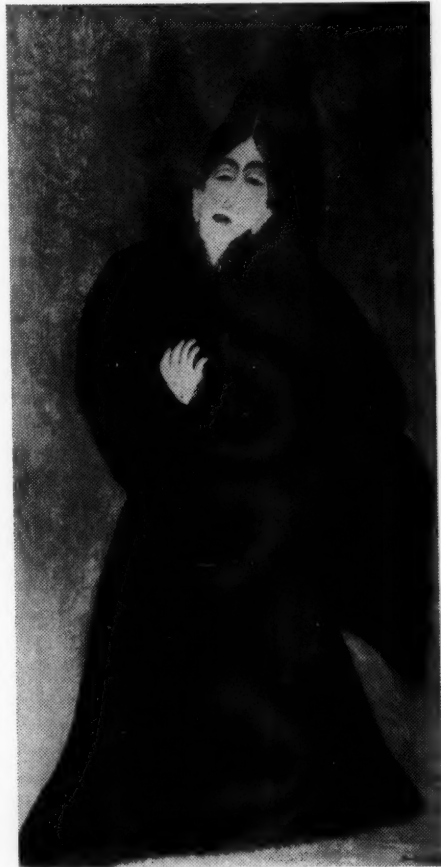
They snuffed out their cigarettes in the compound and lay still. Meyer said, "Goodnight, Jim." "Goodnight," said the boy, and soon he could hear Meyer's breath coming slowly and evenly.

The boy lay on his back, wondering how many hours were left till dawn. Through the whipping pine branches he could see Polaris. He gazed for a long time at the North Star that burned over the hinterland with a peculiar, cold blue fire.

(Stories are told, in Hellas and Tuscany, of a time before God the Father, when the world was ruled by a race of goddesses, the mothers of man, who were tolerant of their children. And man was not afraid. But this was long ago, before Egypt and Mesopotamia, before Cnossus and Carthage.)

Lying there, in the light of the star, the boy might have cried—if it would have helped matters.

"Oh please," he whispered. "Please don't die. Promise me you won't die."



The Rebetzin

JENNIE SIPORIN

... The spirit of free inquiry is the kernel of what we are defending and it is also the strongest weapon in our arsenal. What is more, it is the principal binding force in our coalition. The tradition of 1776 is still the most powerful and attracting force in the world today; it is this that draws to our leadership people the world over. Without this idea we are to them just another powerful nation bent upon interests which are not theirs. If we are narrow, dogmatic, self-centered, afraid, domineering, and crabbed, we shall break apart the alliance on which our future depends. ...

DEAN ACHESON

The Art of Diego Rivera

By ALFRED WERNER

LAST NOVEMBER when Diego Rivera died in Mexico City at the age of seventy, American newspapers quickly delved into their files to dish up once again the sensations and scandals precipitated by the painter's dynamic personality. Once again busy typewriters hashed the furor aroused by the inclusion of Lenin's portrait in the Rockefeller Center frescoes, and the heated discussion accompanying the destruction of these murals after the artist had refused to erase Lenin's features. Once again the papers recounted the artist's stormy three marriages, his quarrel with the Roman Catholic Church, his work for the Communist Party, his breaks and reconciliations with his comrades.

But there was little, too little, mention that in Rivera there passes away one of the giants of 20th century art, a man with a skilled hand, a keen intellect, and an indomitable zest for life. When his love affairs, political or sexual, will be long forgotten, Rivera will still be remembered as one of the triumvirate which, almost out of the void, created a national school of Mexican painting (the other two, the late José Clemente Orozco and David Alfaro Siqueiros, who is still among the living). When his manifestos and pronunciamientos will be read as historical documents rather than as the *ultima ratio* in the realm of art, he will still be recognized as the modern pioneer of the old fresco technique (painting on a surface of fresh plaster).

In many ways, Rivera reminds us of Picasso. Both came from middle-class families, achieved wealth through their art, yet became enthusiastic sponsors of Communism. Both made headlines a hundred times more frequently than such equally important, but much less eccentric and extroverted contemporaries as Georges Braque or Juan Gris.

Both have had the courage to challenge the old, established values in art—Picasso by his introduction (with Braque) of Cubism, Rivera by supplanting, in his native Mexico, sentimental painting based on rigid French academic art, or on the manner of Zuloaga and Sorolla, by large compositions which, with their bold simplifications in form and color, shocked the conservatives by their style even more than by their content. Of the two, Picasso is probably the greater man, and certainly the more flexible, versatile, and enterprising one; Picasso also had the good luck, or the wisdom, to make Paris his headquarters; had he gone back to his native Spain to help foment a revolution, aesthetic and otherwise, as Rivera left France after the first World War to return to Mexico, the development of Picasso, of Spain, and of world art, might have taken a somewhat different turn.

There is no need here to trace the saga of Rivera's turbulent seven decades. In a volume of more than four hundred pages, his American prophet, Bertram D. Wolfe, has ably covered the master's career up to about 1938; the story of the last twenty years will be found in the autobiography the painter dictated to Gladys March, an American journalist (the last chapter was completed shortly before Rivera's death, and the publication by Citadel Press is expected for the fall of 1958). What is called for is a sober re-evaluation of the Mexican's work. The oeuvre consists of many easel paintings (some to be found in New York's Metropolitan Museum, the City of Art Museum of St. Louis, the Los Angeles County Museum, and several other public institutions in the United States), and above all, numerous murals (among them the "Man and

Machinery" frescoes in the court of the Detroit Institute of Arts).

Rivera reminds me of Antaeus, the giant of Greek mythology who proved invincible as a wrestler, for, whenever his strength began to wane, he derived fresh strength from renewed contacts with his mother earth. Hercules, however, discovered the source of his strength, and, lifting him away from the earth, was able to crush him to death. Artistically, Rivera might have been "crushed to death" by his friend Picasso, for Rivera's cubistic paintings are utterly derivative; the still lifes, musicians and card players painted by Picasso around 1914 were imitated by this "Mexican cowboy" (as the Parisians called him) with little conviction, and less success. It was his good fortune to have known the source of his own strength and to have returned to Mexico in 1921. Mr. Wolfe relates that Rivera had become homesick "as an artist even more than as man," and adds:

... the merest hints of Mexico, a softness in the air, or a solitary plant, was sufficient to set his nostalgic mood to work . . . for thirteen years now he had struggled to be a European and had not succeeded . . . on his innumerable works . . . there were legible the traces of a desperate conflict: the struggle between disoriented imitiveness striving to learn and acquiring great skill and virtuosity in the process, and a personality seeking to express itself in terms of its own heritage and views, which were other than the heritage and views of his masters.

In the Mexico of the 'twenties, Rivera became a Communist, not because he had read *Das Kapital* or Lenin's theoretical writings and found himself to be in agreement with them, but because the Communists, in this backward, demoralized, and impoverished country appeared to him to be the only ones anxious and able to fulfill the vast promises made by the national revolution of 1910. Any American crossing the Rio Grande quickly notices that he has entered another world, picturesque, no doubt, but also sadly lacking in the material advantages and comforts offered even by the less prosperous parts of the United States. Thirty-five years ago, Rivera, returning from sophisticated France to a country where

illiteracy was high and where a dozen dictators had filled their own pockets and those of their lieutenants at the expense of the unorganized, politically uninterested masses, must have felt that the machinery of democratic reform that he had seen at work in Western Europe was much too slow for his country. He feared that it might not work at all, and that the only means with which to combat force was—counter-force!

Picasso is more of an Anarchist than a Communist, and he has defied the Party in matters of aesthetic principles since his official enrollment in the fall of 1944. Rivera became a Communist as early as 1922, and within a year was elected to the party's Executive Committee, but his comrades were justified in suspecting him of being a Zapatist rather than a true Leninist or Stalinist (Emiliano Zapata was the primitive leader whose major aim was an agrarian revolution that would oust estate owners, land sharks, venal judges, and other oppressors of landless peasants).

It is difficult to say whether his politics influenced his art, or whether his aesthetic principles made it easier for him to join a party claiming to be of and for the masses. One ought to remember that in the 19th century the artist became the isolated figure that he has remained to this very day, largely ignored by the middle classes, and far removed from the working classes (though, economically speaking, he somehow belonged to them, sharing as he did their poverty and insecurity). To counter this isolation, artists banded together—the Nazarenes (a group of German Christian artists settled in Rome), for instance, or the Pre-Raphaelites in England. The Sephardic Jew from the West Indies, Camille Pissarro, was instrumental in organizing the Impressionists, wanting them to be a cooperative modeled on a professional bakers' association whose set-up he had studied. He dreamt of ways and means of making art accessible to the masses through inexpensive reproductions, and was active in a Club de L'art Social which had among its objectives the encouragement of popular art and the estab-

lishing of contacts between literary, artistic, and political groups. Mention, too, must be made of Van Gogh's idea of establishing a community of painters, close to themselves, but also close to the peasants around them.

All these efforts were premature and, therefore, in vain, but Diego Rivera and his colleagues, in the 'twenties, succeeded in organizing the "Revolutionary Union of Technical Workers, Painters, Sculptors, and Allied Trades." It was only logical that he and his associates were determined to create an art that would be national (based on the traditions of pre-Columbian architecture and sculpture and on the religious art of the Colonial Period) and social (clear, simple, direct, so that everyone would understand it, and taking its motifs from historic events close to the heart of the people).

These aims were admirable, but they were too self-conscious, too rigid to permit the free flow of creative imagination. Rivera, well versed in the history of art, ought to have realized that strict programs and regulations are a hindrance rather than a help in the realm of art, and that creation thrives on freedom. The art of Byzantium was very limited by the dictatorial regime the Eastern Church exerted upon all its members, including craftsmen and architects. Art developed in the Renaissance period to the height we admire in Da Vinci, Michelangelo, and Raphael, mainly because the Patron Church permitted its artists liberties that no medieval pope or bishop would have allowed. Art suffered in the 17th century when the French Academy demanded that its practitioners should treat only important and noble subjects, preferably from classical antiquity, and there was again a decline when Jacques Louis David, as the art dictator of the French Revolution, ushered in an era of grandiosity, with many a frigid, pretentious, and declamatory composition.

Rivera was far too clever a man to think that his fellow-Mexicans, especially those who were not even able to read or write, were the most reliable arbiters of good taste, himself having observed that "the workman,

ever burdened with his daily labor, could cultivate his taste only in contact with the worst and the vilest portions of bourgeois art which reached him in cheap chromos and the illustrated papers." But he was sufficiently optimistic to believe that he and his friends might be able to uplift the "man in the street" by giving him the proper food for his eyes: wholesome, yet also well cooked, of a good quality, while also easy to digest. The triumvirate of Mexican muralists—Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros—concentrated on the importance of public building: the ordinary worker, who never enters a museum, often finds his way into government offices—hence, their wall space must be utilized. At the same time, knowing that people who hurriedly walk through such buildings on their every-day affairs will not stop for a careful inspection, they planned and executed the picture to be "absorbed" even through a sidewise glimpse. Finally, the subject matter was chosen to be of the most immediate interest to the man, woman, or child casually glancing at the work.

With all these splendid ideas and ideals, Rivera and his friends soon ran into trouble. They told anecdotes, they drew their inspiration from Aztec folklore, they spread naked political propaganda; yet, being intrinsically and basically artists, they mainly used artistic means. Did the Indian, looking at the huge superhuman nude figures spread out on the wall in rhythmic organization, really recognize himself and his fellow-Mexicans? Were not the emotion-fraught colors often rather different from those whom the proletarian noticed upon and around himself? Even at the height of their political fervor they were not always able to ignore the maxim, formulated by the French painter, Maurice Denis, as early as 1890:

Remember that a picture—before being a battle horse, a nude woman, or some anecdote—is essentially a plane surface covered with colors assembled in a certain order.

This then was their dilemma: if they remained artists, above anything else, they were liable to produce murals emulating (though never achieving) the grand scale

of a Michelangelo, while neglecting the limitations of the "patron's" perceptive faculty; on the other hand, if they stooped to lower their artistic standards sufficiently to make themselves understood by everyone, they were squandering their tremendous technical skills on propaganda sheets blown up to huge dimensions!

In the United States during the years of the Works Progress Administration artists faced a similar dilemma, though to a much smaller degree. American artists were given themes when commissioned to decorate the walls of Federal courthouses, hospitals, post offices, and housing projects. No political pressure was exerted upon them by the Administration, and if radical thought was expressed in some of the murals, this was the painters' own affair. If many of the nearly one thousand murals look terribly dated to us after only twenty years (whereas Giotto's frescoes are still exciting six centuries after their inception), our disappointment is due to the fact that the artists too often were mediocre painters, though ardent social dreamers. . . .

While better than most of them, Rivera was not persuasive enough as an artist to sugar-coat the bitter pill of disagreeable politics. Too often he did cram too many figures and episodes into a panel, with an exaggerated realism that leaves no room for flights of imagination, and in color devoid of all sensuousness. It is now difficult to understand how a connoisseur like the French critic, Elie Faure, could write to him, in 1933.

The artistic glory of a Matisse or even of a Picasso does not count alongside of the human passions which you arouse. . . .

For where is the joy that we derive from the subtle chromatic combinations in Matisse's paintings, from the equilibrium of his design, and where is the unceasing inner flame that moves Picasso to proceed from one experiment to another? Political passions Rivera's works may have aroused, but only fleeting ones, and on a fairly low level. One can easily understand that Mr. Rockefeller wanted Lenin's portrait to be erased,

but had he ignored it and permitted the murals to stay where they were, Rivera would not have derived the satisfaction of being saluted as a martyr to capitalist oppression (by the way, he was paid for his work in full, and subsequently used the "Rockefeller money" to do the kind of murals that fitted his political notions at the New Workers School and the Socialist Workers Party headquarters, both in New York City). Today, few people would have paid much attention to them, except for tourists to whom certain details might have been pointed out for their worth as sheer curiosities!

Today we know the Rockefeller murals only from old photographs, and from a slightly different version he painted on the Palace of Fine Arts in Mexico City (there, Trotzky and Marx are added to Lenin, and a portrait of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. is included in the night-club scene, in an understandable stroke of vengeance). But we still have in this country a large work by Rivera far superior to the Rockefeller murals, namely, the (earlier) frescoes he made for the Detroit Museum of Fine Arts. I believe it is superior because, coming to Detroit, he for the first time came into contact with factories, machine-shops, and laboratories of a kind he had never seen in Europe, and certainly not in a country as undeveloped as Mexico. The poet in him was awakened by what he saw, and the naive joy of fresh discovery proved to be stronger, at that point, than the abhorrence of the indubitably ugly aspects existing in the laborers' life and work. All that he had learned about the inevitability of a classless society, to be achieved through the dictatorship of the proletariat, sank into oblivion for the moment, while he was fascinated by the city's "marvellous plastic material which years and years of work could not exhaust," by "bridges, dams, factories, locomotives, ships, industrial machinery, scientific instruments, automobiles, and airplanes." Since these were relatively new to him—at least as they presented themselves to him within the framework of the world's most advanced center of engi-

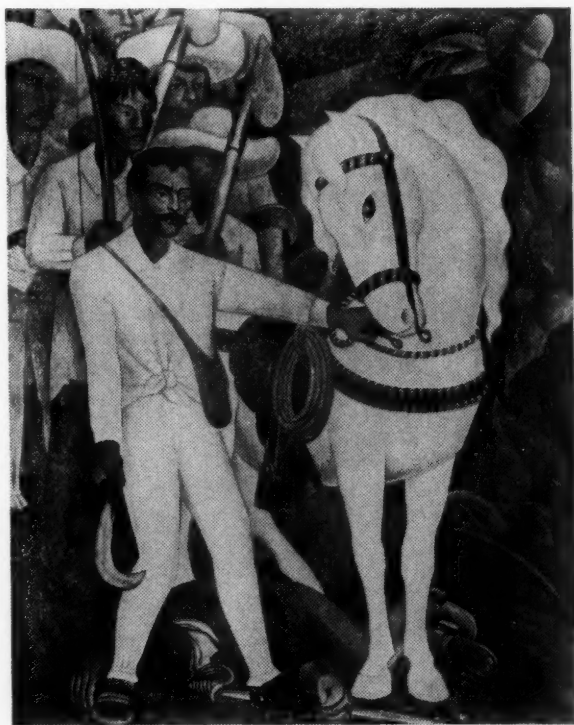
neering, manufacturing, and building—his usual over-stating of familiar facts was not possible. With an architect's keen eye for solid construction he divided the entire available wall space of the Inner Court into twenty-seven panels, to show through them how an abundant life might be created through the fusion of the earth's mighty resources with the superior intelligence of man.

In lieu of the crude naturalism that we find so annoyingly boring in some of Rivera's propaganda pieces (and in much of the propaganda "art" produced under the auspices of Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler, and, currently, China's Mao), the artist had to resort to symbolism, aided by geometric patterns

provided by moving conveyor-belts and other machinery in motion.

"As basic plan for the mural decoration," Rivera wrote, "I chose the plastic expression of the wave-like movement which one finds in water currents, electric waves, stratifications of different layers under the surface of the earth, and in a general way, throughout the continuous development of life."

While I have seen and admired the Detroit murals repeatedly, I know only from photographs what seems to me another example of Rivera's creative power at its best—the painting done in Chapingo in what had originally been a Catholic Chapel but was designated to be a sort of "Sainte-Chapelle of the Revolution," where once again aesthetic considerations were allowed to gain the upper hand over plain anti-



Agrarian Leader Zapata

DIEGO RIVERA

Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, New York

capitalistic and anti-clerical propaganda. As a French critic puts it:

... the emotion overflows, an irresistible seduction sweeps criticism off its feet; on that drawing which overwhelms you, an admirable rainbow of colors, a play of all violets, oranges, tender green, rose of fire, unfolds its cargo of delights, all the voluptuous gamut of the light of Mexico. . . .

It is, perhaps, a bit too early, and possibly even unfair to ask the question which is in everybody's mind whenever a great artist passes away: "What will remain?" In addition to the Rockefeller Murals, several other frescoes by Rivera have perished with the buildings that have gone down; and one wonders whether by, say, 1970, respect for the artist's memory will prevail over the urge to take down edifices that were often ugly and un-functional from the very start, and owe all their lease on life solely to Rivera's decorative work. When his murals are gone, will the aesthetic quality of his

THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

easel works and movable fresco panels be strong enough to keep his memory green? With this possibility in mind, one may give a second thought and look to his sensitive pencil drawings of women, his oil portraits of friends, his various preparatory sketches for the monumental works that have been neglected—unfairly, we hasten to add—over the big anecdotal murals that nearly always created controversies and made good newspaper copy. And one may also recall the man himself, possibly a monster of the Benvenuto Cellini type, but, despite all the bragging and self-advertising, a rather lovable monster, able to retain the love of many a woman, the friendship of such gentle individuals as Modigliani and Elie Faure, and the respect of critics who, while not sharing his political ideas, could not help admiring the ferocious, if undisciplined, power of his genius.



May Day

DIEGO RIVERA

Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, New York

The Southern Segregationist and His Anti-Semitism

By STANLEY MEISLER

DESPERATE AND TENSE, the Southern segregationist swings hard, not looking at his club. As he battles for a way of life, he grabs whatever he can, and too often at hand is a weapon tinged with anti-Semitism. The fervent battle against Negro rights in the South has brought with it a subtle but powerful spread of hatred for the Jew.

Few segregation groups have policies that include anti-Semitism. Most openly avow the opposite. But their criterion for propaganda is only that it attack the Negro and help keep him separated. This has left the field open for the hate drummer. He has discovered that his literature and speeches, filled with anti-Jewish sentiments, will be used as long as anti-Negro remarks are included too.

For example, Robert B. Patterson, executive secretary of the Mississippi Citizens Councils, once issued a list of organizations from which segregationists might obtain reading material. "Some of these groups are anti-Semitic," wrote Patterson, adding:

However, all of the religious groups, including the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish—have been pushing the anti-segregation issue and it is time for all of us to speak out for separation of the black and white races, regardless of our race or creed.

But Patterson's comments were too blatantly unclever. They aroused some protest, including editorials by Hodding Carter, Pulitzer Prize editor of the *Delta Democrat Times* in Greenville, Mississippi. Patterson had to issue a second letter, his apology. "I receive literature from all over the United States that contains arguments against integration," wrote Patterson. "I am not anti-Semitic, but I am against any man or group . . . who aids and abets the NAACP which is trying to destroy our way of life."

To Patterson the logic was simple: He is against the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Some Jews are for the NAACP. He is against Jews. But, in most cases where anti-Semitism can be linked to elements in the Citizens Councils, these sentiments are less heavily expressed, and perhaps more dangerous.

To see this spread of hate, observe Dr. Emmett Lee Irwin, a prominent New Orleans physician, who keeps a copy of Bilbo's "Take Your Choice—Segregation or Mongrelization" on his desk where Gray's "Anatomy" belongs. Dr. Irwin is chairman of the New Orleans White Citizens Council, a group that has never officially endorsed anti-Semitism and that, most likely, has numerous Jewish constituents.

Dr. Irwin, a white-haired, kindly-sounding gentleman, once showed me six or seven copies of a speech Benjamin Franklin is supposed to have delivered to the Constitutional Convention in 1787. According to the typewritten copies, Franklin told the delegates to exclude Jews from the United States in order to preserve the new nation. "Why did you bother making copies of that speech?" I asked Dr. Irwin. He only smiled and shrugged.

The speech is one that has been circulated since the advent of Hitler by anti-Semites in this country. No one has ever found the original in the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, and J. T. Jameson, when he was chief of the division of manuscripts at the Library of Congress, declared it to be a "clumsy, impudent and vicious forgery." The speech was something Dr. Irwin picked up in his anti-Negro reading, and while he never attempted to publish it, his acquaintance with the speech showed that he has found some material for addresses and press releases.

One such source came to light when Dr. Irwin attacked the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith in New Orleans. The Citizens Council chairman accused the Jewish organization of distributing literature that, he decided, attempted to brainwash children into accepting integration. The literature turned out to be a comic book titled "The Rabbit Brothers," which implies that people should emulate the rabbit that says, "I try to find some good in all rabbits" and not the rabbit that says, "I hate all rabbits who are not like me." The school board discovered that one school actually had two booklets in its library, and they were removed promptly.

But Dr. Irwin, while attacking the distribution of the comic book, also told the school board that the Anti-Defamation League was under serious criticism as a "possible Communist-front organization." When pressed for his source, Dr. Irwin, on television, announced that he found the criticism in "The Coming Red Dictatorship," a supplement to a publication called "Common Sense."

"The Coming Red Dictatorship" tells its readers that "it is the Jewish plot to enslave the Gentiles and to rule over them as kings over slaves." The publication adds that "the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, its B'nai B'rith, the American Jewish Congress, are subversive conspiracies, carrying out the Jew plan. They are a 'Gestapo' in every community." In 1954, the House Un-American Activities Committee branded "Common Sense," published by Conde McGinley of Union, New Jersey, as a "hate group."

Yet Dr. Irwin continues to maintain that he has seen no evidence of anti-Semitism in his Citizens Council. "If we did see any," he explained recently, "we would ignore it. That's the only way to wipe it out." But, the Doctor added, he could not control all things said or distributed at meetings. The New Orleans Citizens Council is a loose federation of several smaller councils. Meetings of the smaller groups, he explained, were out of his jurisdiction. A few weeks later, the chairman of the Gentilly Citizens Council, one of the smaller groups, told a

meeting that vast amounts of money are being poured into the NAACP by a small group of Jews with known Communist ties.

The Citizens Council leaders bristle when anyone compares them with the Ku Klux Klan. One Klan tactic, however, has been readily accepted. Attorney General Eugene Cook of Georgia, a frequent speaker at rallies in the South, has called for preservation of the "Anglo-Saxon race," an expression that excludes Jews and Catholics as well as Negroes, and an expression frequently used by the anti-Negro, anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish Klan.

Almost all Southern Citizens Councils, however, accept Jews; many welcome them. But a few do not hide their feelings. The Seaboard Citizens Council of Washington, D. C., led by John Kasper, the man jailed for inciting segregation riots at Clinton, Tennessee, limits its membership to white persons "who believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ."

Out of the circle of "respectable" Citizens Councils, the anti-Jewish expression becomes more obvious, more ugly, and more stupid. Typical is the *Southern Digest*, a magazine published in New Orleans that reprints pro-segregation articles. It claims that "10,000 copies have been going out monthly" and that some are distributed by the Southern Gentlemen, a militant segregation organization in Louisiana.

The periodical refers to the president of the NAACP as "(Arthur) Spingarn, Jew." A perusal of a few issues will turn up:

"Jewish agitators have been pushing Negroes forward for years. . . ." "Northern people should never forget, however, that when the Jews have destroyed the white South and set up their black-and-tan mobocracy, they aren't going to stop there. . . ." "The Jews tried to promise the Negroes that the whole South would be made into one vast Harlem." "The growing vogue for Negro musicians is no accident [sic] but has been assiduously cultivated by the Jews who own, control and dominate our entertainment industry. . . ."

When observers search for the cause of this coupled hate of Jew and Negro, they pick up the stock answers. When a man hates, they are told, his disease forces him to hate all things that are different, not just the Negro, not just the Jew. Anti-Semitism and anti-Negro feeling pour out of the same meat-grinder. "Notice the coordination in thinking among segregationists," says the Rev. Joseph H. Fichter, former chairman of the Commission of Human Rights of the Catholic Committee of the South. "They are against UNESCO, the UN, foreign aid, and Jews, and they are pro-McCarthy." But Father Fichter's perceptive appraisal does not tell the whole story of why the Southerner continues to spread increasing amounts of anti-Jewish propaganda.

Many a Southerner quotes anti-Jewish statements with no hate in his heart, at least none for the Jew. He is determined to keep the Negro segregated, and sometimes this determination also carries no hate for the Negro with it. But he has been given no guidance. He has picked up a weapon and swung, and there has been a dearth of complaints, for few Jews have screamed, "Ouch!"

The strangest aspect of anti-Semitism in the South has been the near total absence of Jewish protest. Jewish organizations and leaders have shied away from public denunciation of the attacks. The Anti-Defamation League, for example, has collected many examples of segregation literature that attacks Jews and has exposed some of the examples to selected leaders. But it has declined to make any general public acknowledgment of the existence of anti-Semitism in segregation literature. The league has

cried out only to fend off a personal attack and has kept quiet while taking notes about attacks on the Jewish people.

Two theories may be advanced for this lack of Jewish outcry. One is simple, for like segregation leader Dr. Irwin, some Jewish groups feel the best way to fight anti-Semitism is to ignore it. But the second theory is far more complicated and disturbing. Some Jews, like other white people in Southern communities, share the segregation viewpoint of their white Christian neighbors, and similarly belong to segregation groups. If they discovered that some segregation money was being spent for anti-Semitism, they would have a tremendous internal conflict. Should I stay in the segregation group and perhaps hurt myself as a Jew, or should I quit the segregation group and perhaps hurt myself as a white Southerner? Understandably, Jewish organizations do not want these Jews to face this question. First, whatever the answer, it may hurt the individual Jew. Second and foremost, it may make the Jew resent the organization that forced him to face the question.

So the stream of anti-Jewish hate rushes on without breakers in the way, without Jewish organizations fighting back. Few newspapers or public officials have troubled themselves to offer the segregationist guidance, to inform him when he has gone too far. The segregationist still is able to plead that nobody told him anti-Semitism does not go hand in hand with segregation, state's rights, and the Southern way of life—three concepts that seem very respectable to him. That excuse, "phoney" or real, must be removed.

... Maimonides was a man of deep piety who observed the laws to the smallest detail. He even took a part of his precious time to write a scroll of the Torah with his own hand. His tolerance can be observed in his communal enactments and in his utterances about other religions. Three times he states in his Code that the pious of all nations have a share in the world to come. ...

ALEXANDER MARX,
Essays in Jewish Biography

Notes on Sholem Asch, Novelist

By CHARLES A. MADISON

IN THE RECENT DEATH of Sholem Asch Yiddish literature lost its major novelist and the writer best known to non-Yiddish readers. His world-wide eminence, however, was not due to the fact that he was a cosmopolitan writer whose mother tongue happened to be Yiddish. Much of his work, early and late, was steeped in the traditional Jewish spirit; the Hebrew moralist in him, indeed, weakened not a few of his novels and plays. Yet the publication of his novels on Christianity obscured this fact in the minds of his erstwhile Jewish admirers, and the rebukes and abuse heaped upon him, however understandable, were a rejection without sufficient warrant.

Asch's rise as a writer was meteoric. Handsome, magnetic, overflowing with emotional fervor, without his later disagreeable egotism, he came to Warsaw in his early twenties and at once impressed seasoned critics with the great promise of his literary talent. *The Town* and soon after *Wealthy Reb Shlome*, his first published writings, depicted pristine Jewish life in Polish towns with poetic exuberance. The market-place, the synagogue, the patriarch's open house, the Vistula River, the fertile soil, Hassidic Jews, and workaday Gentiles—these rural scenes and characters emerge on his pages lyrically alive. His Jews, steeped in their faith in God yet given to the temptations of the flesh, are by the magic of his evocative imagery imbued with pastoral sensuousness. These narratives brought a fresh idyllic note into a literature straining to liberate itself from its parochial beginnings; their enthusiastic reception by Peretz, godfather to young writers in Warsaw, quickly established Asch as a leading Yiddish writer.

Settled in the Polish metropolis, Asch immediately interested himself in the social turmoil agitating its restive populace. In

emulation of such Russian contemporary writers as Andreyev and Gorki he sought to delineate life in the sordid slums, to portray Jewish youths aflame with revolutionary ardor. In novels, plays, and short stories he stressed in particular the spiritual bankruptcy of the quasi-emancipated Jewish bourgeoisie and the desperate groping of their grown children for a new faith and a positive ideal. For all his painstaking effort, however, these works lack the artistic execution of his first stories; his characters, intellectually conceived and exploited as social symbols, appear nebulous and melodramatic.

The God of Vengeance, his most popular play, presented on many stages and in numerous languages, exemplifies this want of artistic insight. Its dramatic effectiveness on the stage derives mostly from its novel setting and moral overtones. The portrayal of the brothel and its inmates is vivid and sensuously vigorous; the struggle of parental love against invincible odds beguiles the sympathy of the audience. Yet the theme of the play is essentially spurious drama. The sordid and superstitious procurer's effort to save his only daughter from the lure of his own bawdy-house was bound to fail so long as she remained within easy reach of his prostitutes—and his purchase of a Torah as an amulet was obviously of no avail against God's vengeance.

Of superior merit, yet equally faulty in conception, is *Mottke the Thief*, written a decade later but similar in milieu and treatment. The first half of the book depicts with bold and cutting strokes the sordid struggle for existence among the extremely indigent Polish Jews. From early childhood Mottke, the central character, reveals gargantuan appetites and exceptional cunning. With an instinctive animalism he steals, robs, and even kills to satisfy his increasingly unscrup-

ulous wants. At the height of his criminal career, however, he becomes infatuated with a virtuous girl and his incredible, reformed behavior as a simpering swain quickly leads to his arrest and imprisonment.

Asch arrived in New York soon after the outbreak of war in 1914, became an American citizen, and made his home here till shortly before his death, when he settled in Israel. All his work for the next twenty-five years first appeared serially in the *New York Forward*, where he was its most distinguished contributor. Even after the rift with Abraham Cahan, when his Jewish readership dwindled, he continued to write only in Yiddish.

The teeming life of the East Side early stimulated his fertile imagination. He was especially interested in the pathetic efforts of the more aggressive Jewish immigrants to adapt themselves to American customs and practices. For all his sympathy, however, he could not but be repelled by the crude and crass commonplaceness of their altered attitudes and activities.

Uncle Moses, his first novel of Jewish-American life, makes painfully clear that in their attempts to gain a footing in their new and alien environment many Jewish immigrants relinquished or deliberately shed the traditions and culture of their fathers. Concentrating, however, on the cupidity, conflict, and confusion of these newcomers, Asch wrote with uninspired irony. *Chaim Lederer's Return* is a more acute study of the state of mind of a man chained to mundane habits and straining in vain for spiritual release. Equally keen is the satirical portrayal of his children who are so steeped in bourgeois respectability that they are not even aware of the ideals that their father had once professed. *Judge Not—*, *The Mother*, and *God's Prisoners*, three other novels of this period, contain vivid writing and in part lyric beauty yet suffer from one or another thematic fallacy.

If the moralist and the artist in Asch strove too obviously for dominance in some of his aforementioned novels, they coalesced

harmoniously in *The Enchantress of Castille* and *The Sanctification of the Name*. Reacting sensitively and painfully to the calamities suffered by the East-European Jews in the wake of war and revolution, he was eager to give comfort and hope to his distressed readers. In these two novels he treated earlier instances of persecution that were mitigated by the exercise of faith and perseverance. In the first the decreed annihilation of the Jews in Renaissance Rome is miraculously averted by the exceptional beauty of a Jewish model whose striking resemblance to the Virgin brings shame and contrition to the credulous attackers. The second tells how Polish Jews were brought to the brink of destruction in the eighteenth century by the savagery of Bogdan Chmelnitski and his Cossack hordes; but implied in the narrative is the solace that then, even as now, survival lay in implicit faith in Jehovah. The power of faith is also invoked in *A String of Pearls*, a play dealing with Jewish persecution in Poland in our own time; but the artifice of the miracle is less persuasive in a contemporary setting.

In its broad scope and complex theme *Three Cities* is obviously a major work. Dealing with three significant phases of the Russian revolutionary drama that ended in the triumph of the Bolsheviks, Asch dwells in turn on the commercial and industrial enterprise in the early 1900's, furthered largely by the great energy of certain wealthy Jews; on the general deep-seated unrest and political repression in the decade prior to 1914, especially as they affected the poor and radical Polish Jews; and on the explosive social forces released by the 1917 revolution, particularly as they highlighted the acute conflict between the idealistic individual and strict party conformity. Although the chief protagonist of the long novel, Zachary Mirkin, is too weak and worried an intellectual to measure up to the heroic proportions demanded by his central position in the narrative, Mrs. Hurvits, Asch's idealized Jewish mother, has more than enough life-force for both. Her irrepressible

zest and glowing sympathy encompass the world in which she is an activating agent. The book as a whole excels in its acute analysis of a profound social crisis, in its realistically vivid delineation of the Warsaw and Lodz poor, in the lyric passages which imbue the work with poetic beauty, and chiefly in the brooding compassion which pervades and animates the entire narrative.

Asch's other cosmopolitan novel, *The War Goes On*, treats the German economic and intellectual collapse in the 1920's. It describes clearly and penetratingly the suffering, the pathos, the ingrained prejudices, and most of all the unmitigated despair that in combination helped to spawn the savage Nazis. In vivid detail the narrative shows how the economic collapse and brutal persecution drove strong men to suicide and weaklings to spiritual betrayal. It also dissects and exposes the warped roots of German anti-Semitism. Asch's objective and perspicacious treatment intensifies the indictment.

In all his writing, even the most mundane, Asch reveals a deeply intuitive piety. For all his external sophistication, acquired in maturity and displayed as befitted a writer of international eminence, he remained inwardly, when at his writing desk, the simple Hassidic youth cleaving to the precepts and prejudices of his Jewishness. Depicting the greed and vulgarity and corruption of urban life—a life he came to know only in adulthood—he was often more the moralist than the artist. In *Salvation*, however, published in 1934, Asch fused man and milieu in perfect accord. In the character of Jechiel, the simple-minded youth whose pure piety in time brings him to the stature of saintliness, he glorifies utter faith with lyrical exaltation. Jechiel, conceived in Asch's own inner image, is the idealized representative of the Hassidic Jews whose wretched physical existence found sublimation in their intense identification with God's spirit. Having early realized intuitively that not knowledge but faith led to salvation, Jechiel cleaves to Jehovah with all the strength of his pious soul. The Psalms give him the key to human

existence—the belief that man is a chip of God and that his soul sojourns on earth but yearns for its return to Heaven. So pure and deep was his faith and so saintly and selfless was his behavior that in time his words work wonders and his name becomes synonymous with godliness. And we believe in him and are ennobled by a knowledge of him, because Asch wrote with spiritual seriousness and artistic beauty. In his later years he himself referred to it as his best work.

Asch was motivated not only by intuitive piety but also by the prophetic impulse. His eminence as a Yiddish writer brought him into the forefront of Jewish leadership. Neither a benefactor nor a bureaucrat, he considered it his high function to provide his people with cultural and spiritual guidance. Deeply grieved by the intensified anti-Semitism of the Nazis, he exposed and excoriated their inhuman barbarity in *The War Goes On*. He also stopped the staging of *The God of Vengeance* because it showed Jewish characters in an unfavorable light.

Continuing his brooding over the woes of his people, he became convinced that their enemies, though nominally Christian, were in fact violating the precepts of love and brotherhood preached by Jesus. He therefore conceived it as his life's mission to persuade both Jews and Christians that their religions are essentially similar and complementary. Without benefit of Damascus but with truly Pauline zeal he devoted the next decade to the sincere, if misguided and unrealistic preachment that the two faiths, having the same origin and aim, must clear away the long-encrusted antagonisms and join in sympathetic friendliness.

In 1939 Asch published *The Nazarene*. Still unsure of his method of presentation and no doubt conscious of his radical direction, he employed the time-worn devices of reincarnation and secret apocryphal manuscripts. The long narrative is quick with colorful scenes and significant characterization. The oriental pomp of the court of the High Priest, the jostling and bustling within the Temple enclosure at festival time, and

intellectual groping and mystical yearning of the pious scholars, the simple seeking of the Messiah by the suffering peasantry—these and other aspects of Pilate's Palestine are described with palpable authenticity and in picturesque detail. But the spirit of Jesus, as pious youth and bold preacher, dominates the narrative with its ineffable latency. And though the learned Jews are unpersuaded by the claims of the Galilean, they are deeply concerned for his safety and seek in vain to protect him from the crucifixion decreed by the callous Pilate.

Following the Gospels in every particular, Asch conceived Jesus as God's prophet following in the path of his illustrious fore-runners and bringing faith to its ultimate heights. Stripped of his miraculous origin and godlike destiny, Joshua ben Joseph is blood-brother to Jechiel. Yet over and over he is deliberately presented as a prophet in Israel and as the Messiah who became the Christ of the Gentiles. It was this uncritical, even misconstrued, emphasis, coming at the height of the fiendish Nazi oppression, that shocked his erstwhile admirers and brought abuse and obloquy on Asch's head. *The Forward* indignantly rejected the novel and attacked him as a renegade and traducer.

The sharp steel of censure cut Asch's conceit to the quick, but it did not sway him from his self-appointed mission. Eager to establish a familial relationship between Judaism and Christianity, and having accepted Jesus as the true Messiah, he next concentrated on a study of Saul of Tarsus as the febrile and fiery founder of Christianity among the Gentiles. *The Apostle* again dwells on the social and spiritual turmoil in Palestine and in the whole of the Roman Empire shortly after Jesus's crucifixion. Saul, an eager and restive young scholar, is shown first as the relentless persecutor of the new sect and, after Damascus, as its fanatical and fearless missionary to the pagan world. Here also the narrative follows faithfully both the Gospels and the Epistles; Paul's widespread activities and zealous preaching, as well as his extreme physical suffering and final martyrdom, are delineated

in detail and with deferential sympathy. On the last page of this work Asch wrote, with presumably unintended irony, a grateful coda in the manner of the pious Jewish writer:

I thank Thee and praise Thee, Lord of the World, that Thou hast given me the strength to withstand all temptations and overcome all obstacles, those of my own making and those made by others, and to complete the two works, *The Nazarene* and *The Apostle*, which are one work; so that I might set forth in them the merit of Israel, whom Thou hast elected to bring the light of the faith to the nations of the world, for Thy glory and out of Thy love of mankind.

Mary was the third and final novel on the origins of Christianity. The Virgin is throughout portrayed with loving piety and pastoral simplicity. A distant daughter of the House of David, Miriam yearns so ardently and so earnestly to be the chosen mother of the on-coming Messiah that God hears her prayer and causes her to conceive immaculately. Thereafter she dedicates herself to her first-born. A good wife to Joseph and a devoted mother to her other children, she watches over Jesus, in boyhood and maturity, with surpassing love and reverence. When the Nazarene townsmen become suspicious of the youth's strange behavior and members of the family insist of his conformity, she defends him with inner understanding and steadfastness. Later, when Jesus begins his preaching and Miriam perceives intuitively the terrible yet glorious end, her mother's heart cries out against it but her spirit accepts God's judgment as the fore-ordained fulfillment of his Heavenly mission.

As if in response to his Jewish detractors, he also wrote *One Destiny: An Epistle to the Christians*, in which he explicates his zealous mission. Here he speaks as the pious Jew "whose every move is bound up with the God of Israel." He makes clear that to him Judaism is revealed in "first, the miracle of the preservation of Israel, second, the miracle of the spread of the Judeo-Christian idea in the pagan world." He continues:

The whole thing to me represents a single, divine event. I see in both phenomena the single will of the God of Israel. Not only because I consider my Christian brothers as the spiritual children of Abra-

ham, Isaak, and Jacob, entitled together with me to our birthright from God, but also because I see in pure Christianity an entirely justified share of faith in the God of Israel—thorough the Messianic idea—equal to my own Jewish faith. . . . This is my spiritual credo. On this foundation I have built my house. For this I have sacrificed everything.

Having declared his credo, he reviews the "disease" of modern anti-Semitism in Germany and describes, by way of contrast, the heroic martyrdom of the Jews in the wartime Warsaw Ghetto. He further asserts that "the whole German people—man, woman, and child—is infected with the leprous plague, the disease of bestiality and blood lust," and concludes that "the guilt is carried, the accessory guilt if not the full one, by the whole Christian world." He blames the Church for having "invented the role of a Judas and an Ahaseuras for Israel" and for "becoming the chastising rod for the Jewish people." Finally, he pleads for a realization that "the mystery of the Messiah" motivates religious Jews and Christians with like forcefulness and argues for a "Jewish-Christian understanding and rapprochement. . . . It is my profound belief [he concludes] that only the Jewish-Christian idea contains in itself the possibility of salvation for our tortured world."

Asch devoted the most fruitful decade of his literary life to this theme. Notwithstanding the charge that he wrote these novels to capitalize on their salability to non-Jewish readers, inner evidence indicates that he approached his theme with a genuine reverence for Jesus and with a strong conviction that Judaism and Christianity, in their acceptance of God and the Messianic idea, are essentially one religion. With prophetic zeal and with the power of his literary eloquence he sought to explain away the encrusted prejudices of two millennia and open the minds and hearts of both Jews and Christians. "My books," he said subsequently, "have made enemies for me in some quarters, but I have shown how deeply rooted Christianity is in Jewish history and Jewish religion. And my intention has been to demonstrate the interdependence of the

two faiths, in the hope that mutual understanding may lead to a better world."

Asch published four additional novels. Two of them, *East River* and *A Passage in the Night*, deal with the prosperous establishment and consequent interrelationships of first-generation American Jews. Although these works are conceived in a relatively minor key, they possess a maturity and an insight lacking in his earlier writings on Jewish life in the United States. The characterization is firmer and the motivation logical and persuasive. In *Moses* and *The Prophet*—and in an unfinished work on Abraham and Jacob—Asch returned to the religious theme. It was as if, having lovingly depicted the founders of Christianity, he wished to dwell with like sympathy on the meek magnificence of Moses the savior and lawgiver and on Deutero-Isaiah, the humble prophet who sang God's word because he could not keep silent.

Although Asch conceived Moses in traditional terms, he is at his best in the sweep of the narrative and grandeur of the epic panorama. First, we are shown the enslaved Israelites, suffering harsh exploitation and too intimidated to seek liberation, forcing rebellious Moses to flee into the wilderness in order to save themselves from additional punishment. Years later, when Moses returns with God's message of redemption, these same Israelites manifest little faith and less courage, and it is only the miraculous plagues that persuade them of God's might and Moses's mission. Yet once in the wilderness, they complain when inconvenienced, sigh nostalgically for the Egyptian fleshpots, and are ready to serve idols like the pagans. Their slavish souls lack the vision and the spirit of free men and their transgressions against God doom them to die in the wilderness. For forty years Moses looks after them as a shepherd his flock, devoting himself to their physical care, grieving for their sorry destiny, and inspiring their free-born offspring with a love of God and a faith worthy of the Promised Land. To the very end on Pisgah Heights he serves his people with

selfless dedication and inexhaustible sympathy.

Isaiah in *The Prophet*, like Jechiel in *Salvation*, is from boyhood possessed by a consuming love of God. The Babylonian Exile preys on his youthful mind and he is so eager for the return of his people—the resettlement of Jerusalem and the Temple—that he soon begins to hear God's voice in his heart and is impelled by an irrepressible urge to preach the word of God to the exiled Jews in Babylon. His message is a song of God's love and mercy, and he is welcomed by the pious poor; but the wealthy Jews, more comfortable in Babylon than they ever had been in Jerusalem, are angered by his preaching and seek his destruction as a false prophet. Isaiah, sick and starved, suffers grievously at the hands of his tormentors; yet he persists in his poetic preaching. And when his prophecies are realized and the Jews are joyously on their way back to Jerusalem, he feels his mission accomplished and is ready for his fervid soul to leave his emaciated body.

Sholem Asch possessed a lyric flow and an emotional intensity that suffused his best

writing with poetic fervor. No formal stylist and no master of verbal dexterity, he excelled in the expression of simple, passionate feeling. He wrote of nature and sensuous beauty with loving ebullience. When depicting the earthy behavior of pious villagers or of the wretched existence of the city poor his sympathies opened wide; in his early writings especially he lacked acumen and force when dealing with the social and intellectual complexities of urban life. *Three Cities*, however, has the breadth and depth of a major novel. He was at his fictional best in his religious writings. His pious rustics, Jechiel, Jesus and Paul, Moses and Isaiah—all emerge on his pages refulgent with the halo of fervid faith, loving God with all their heart and with all their might. And if his reverential treatment of Christianity cast shadows on the Jews who would have none of it and raised acrimonious controversy among his Jewish readers, and if his credulous and uncritical acceptance of mythical miracles seemed naive and almost preposterous to his sophisticated audience, his work as a whole places him nevertheless among the major novelists of his time.

PERSONAL IDENTITY

By HELMER O. OLESON

*If one could stand beside the cornerstone
Of this demented world and hear the song
Of madcap millions who must surge along
Meridians of life from zone to zone;
If we could clock each passing heart unknown,
We might detect the terror of life's throng
To which all residents of earth belong.
Each person makes his journey all alone
Through multitudes upon our mystic ball.
Be thankful I am I and You are You,
And separate voices answer to the roll.
Then one by one we hear a special call
To build in unique pattern ever new
The varied architecture of our soul.*

BOOKS

Books reviewed in this issue may be purchased at the regular price through the Book Service Department of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, 179 West Washington St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

The American Reaction to The Mortara Case: 1858-1859, by Bertram Wallace Korn. American Jewish Archives. 196 pp. \$4.00.

In June, 1858, in the city of Bologna, of what then constituted the Papal States, Edgar Mortara, a Jewish boy under seven years of age, was forcibly taken from his parents' home and brought to Rome for instruction in the Catholic faith. It seems that the Mortaras' young serving girl, believing Edgar to be dangerously ill at one time during his infancy, claimed that she had herself performed the sacrament of baptism in order to assure that the boy would not die as an infidel Jew. This was done without the consent or knowledge of his parents, but it was sufficient excuse for the authorities of the Church. The rite of baptism was held irrevocable. As later explained in the American Catholic press, it would have been "unthinkable" to have returned him to the loving care of his parents, who were, after all, people "who regarded Him as a criminal executed for sedition and blasphemy." To return him would have been "a foul crime, a hideous act of treachery."

This was, to be sure, not the first case of such an atrocity. Many Jewish children had, in the past, been snatched away from their parents' ghetto homes under the most absurd of pretexts, to undergo forced baptism. As Rabbi Korn notes, the distinctiveness in the Mortara case was that, for the first time, some Italian Jews were free to protest because of their new freedom brought about by the victories of Charles Albert and Victor Emmanuel II against the Papal States. The incident was unique also in that it disturbed the conscience of the world, and brought forth a host of protests from European governments.

Rabbi Korn, in this scholarly and absorbing book, portrays the reaction in America to the news of the abduction. He traces the disorganized and chaotic efforts of the relatively young American Jewish community, which nevertheless showed itself bold and confident of its place in free America. He documents the official refusals of President Buchanan and Secretary of State Cass to intervene, and their tardy personal expressions of sympathy. With considerable insight, the author traces the complex American political picture of the times, the days of pro-slavery versus abolitionist tensions, and the Know-Nothing movement. The Mortara affair was exploited by some for their own partisan purposes, and attitudes on governmental intervention were in turn influenced by the current political trends. Pro-slavery forces, fearful of European protests against cruelty to slaves in America, opposed American intervention in the Mortara case.

The secular press in America, basically Protestant, was virtually unanimous in its condemnation of the affair. The Protestant church press was also unanimous in its condemnation, some editors indulging in a general anti-Catholic hostility, while others put their arguments on the obvious issues of religious liberty and parental right which were involved. The American Catholic press considered the whole affair perfectly legitimate and legal, blaming the international uproar on the enemies of their faith, such as the "infidels of Sardinia," the anti-Catholic Protestant groups, or the Jews who, after all, made up the mob which crucified Christ.

The book concludes with an appendix on the Finaly case of World War II, which ended on a more happy note. The author

observes the apparent change in the view of the Vatican on the subject of forced or illegal baptisms. Interestingly enough, some of the reasons advanced by a few Catholic thinkers for the change sound strangely like the arguments of what the Church in 1858 called the "Mortara shriekers."

The American Jewish community of today is immensely larger than that of 1858. It also has the benefit of more mature and decisive leadership and large national organizations, some of which are devoted to matters of defense. It is even capable of acting with considerable unity in times of great crisis, as was the case with Israel's Sinai campaign in the fall of 1956. But in the normal occurrences which make up the real, permanent needs of the community, it often acts today in much the same chaotic way as it did in 1858. This fact of disunity and the further description of amoral politics place this book of history in the realm of the timely.

It is sometimes difficult to tolerate the realization that in politics moral causes will be fought with due, righteous indignation only when not inexpedient. The refusal of the American Government to act in the Mortara case was based on the fact that there was a policy of avoiding interference in the internal affairs of another government. The Secretary of State stated that it would have been different had an American citizen been involved. Both points are negated by history. American officials, before and after the Mortara case, have protested anti-Jewish and other persecutions involving non-Americans. And, in very recent times, the government has succumbed to Arab discriminatory practices at Dharan and at home, where the rights of American citizens are involved. One is almost led to the sad conclusion that amorality is a permanent feature of the political scene.

For the excellent treatment of a trying and frustrating affair, Rabbi Korn and the American Jewish Archives are to be congratulated.

PAUL H. VISHNY

Hebrew: The Eternal Language, by William Chomsky. Jewish Publication Society. 321 pp. \$4.00.

More than a dozen years ago William

Chomsky, a well-known scholar of Semitics and a Jewish educator, was asked to do a pamphlet on the Hebrew language by the Zionist Organization of America. This was the modest origin of the full-length biography, *Hebrew: The Eternal Language*. The volume is the first popular treatment of the multi-faceted tongue which has been the most important vehicle of the Judeo-Christian heritage and is the key to the Phoenix-like Jewish revival of the twentieth century. Charted with enviable care, the book details the early origins of this language, traces its involuted developments, and shows finally how Hebrew revived meets modern needs. There is also an introduction in which the author says some things which ought to be said and repeated until this Jewry grasps them fully. This reviewer has written and spoken these truths almost *ad nauseam* because, like Chomsky, he is convinced that our failure to understand aright the role of Hebrew in Jewish life may cost us our collective viability. The author of this fine volume puts it pithily:

The Jewish people can no more be dissociated from Hebrew than they can be dissociated from their own spiritual identity—Judaism. . . . Peculiar historical circumstances . . . have operated in the case of the Jewish people in such a manner as to merge race, nationality, culture and religion into a composite unit, which is articulated in a distinctive language. . . . Judaism may be defined as the ongoing historical experience of the Jewish people. . . . This unique historical experience has been articulated in distinctive words and phrases of the Hebrew language, with which it has become inextricably blended. Disassociate this historical experience from the Hebrew language, and the result is a pale, anemic reflection, a dilution and even an adulteration of the original experience.

Having posited this major premise, the author proceeds to describe in much and in varied detail how the language began, grew and adapted itself to different times and climes. One may disagree with him on emphases and interpretations of certain materials examined; but these do not detract from the firm, colorful picture painted. Chomsky has faith in the general intelligent reader; hence he does not hesitate to include some technical material. Such material is presented so well that the reader will work a little harder in order to grasp it. There are chapters which only the word "fascinating" can adequately describe—chapters that will cause the reader to pause and will increase

his admiration for this "tongue of tongues."

Chapter X, "How Hebrew Evolved as a Modern Vernacular," is especially arresting. With a wealth of detail, Chomsky illustrates the organic adaptations and modifications which were, and still are, systematically introduced in order to make the language equal to the exigencies of modern life. A considerable number of the neologisms are Hebraized forms of words traceable to Indo-European languages. For example, words like *tilphen* (telephone) and *tilgroph* (telegraph) are examples of the linguistic process of assimilation. This process may be illustrated in the English "jubilee," a noun borrowed from the Hebrew yovel which was made into a verb by suffixing *ate*.

The author devotes a chapter to the question whether Hebrew ever died as a spoken language. Though his main thesis to the effect that Hebrew was kept alive through the millenia is by and large plausible, he nevertheless overstates the case. There were periods when Hebrew was practically extinct as a spoken vernacular. He is on much surer ground when he shows that a Hebrewless Jewry is doomed to dissolution. He rightly scotches the pseudo-superintendents of Jewish education who prate about "content" and whittle down the number of hours of Hebrew in the curriculum. He chooses the prosperous Alexandrian Jewry to illustrate his thesis. The Jews of Alexandria built beautiful synagogues and schools; they were affluent and generous, but they made one fatal mistake:

They came to regard the Greek version of the Bible as the Torah and the Greek language as their language. They recited their prayers in Greek. They adopted Greek as the language of their culture and religion. Their greatest sage, Philo, did not, in all likelihood, know Hebrew. They succumbed to the fallacy of a dichotomy between content and form, between language and culture. They attempted to transfer the "content" of Judaism into a Greek "vessel," and they thereby doomed themselves to assimilation and ultimate extinction. . . . In the course of about four centuries, the Alexandrian Jews had apparently destroyed themselves. By cutting themselves loose from the original fountainhead of Jewish religion and culture they exposed themselves wide open to the corroding influence of assimilation and conversion.

Chomsky wants American Jews to learn this history lesson well. This means that there will have to be a kind of rebellion by the rank and file against the increasing tribe

of misleaders in American Jewish life—the public relations boys who insist that "Hebrew is too difficult and too cumbersome to inflict on our children." There is ample evidence that "the content cohorts" are on the increase, and it will take a concerted effort on the part of survivalist Jews to dislodge them from their posts of influence, especially in education. The words of the sainted Dr. Solomon Schechter ought to be imprinted on our minds and inscribed on the door-posts of our houses: "If history has anything to say in this matter, the lesson it affords us is that the disappearance of the Hebrew language was always followed by assimilation with the surroundings, and the disappearance of Judaism. The Hebrew language is not a mere idiom; it is in itself a religious symbol of history, a promise and a hope."

Descriptively and prescriptively *Hebrew: The Eternal Language* has much to offer; it is a book which every well-informed Jew will want to read and ponder; and non-Jews will gain from it many valuable "inscapes" into the name and nature of Judaism.

MAURICE M. SHUDOFFSKY

Verlaine: Fool of God, by Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson. Random House. 394 pp. \$5.

The Hansons depart from the practice of earlier biographers who, while praising the poetry, defamed the man who wrote it. Instead, they try to understand why Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) led such a degraded and wretched life, why he wrecked his marriage, poisoned himself through alcohol and debauchery, alternating between prison, hospital, and the most horrible slums. They have an answer: though intellectually a giant, Verlaine emotionally always remained a child. Deeply attached to an often foolish mother whose help and advice made things worse, he eventually turned from a cold wife to a brilliant, but unstable boy (the poet Rimbaud who once attacked him with a knife, and whom Verlaine shot at and wounded). At the end he lived with three notorious prostitutes who exploited him shamelessly after his books had at last become best-sellers. Like Van Gogh, the poet wanted warmth, affection in great measure, and took it uncritically wherever he could

get it. He might have said, with Oscar Wilde, "I do not seek happiness, but pleasure, which is much more tragic." In his homosexual leanings, he resembled this Irish wit, while other features recall his fifteenth century predecessor, the poet Francois Villon, wanderer and vagabond. Yet Verlaine did not really enjoy the sordidness of his existence; the Hansons persuade us that, unhappy over his failure to win back his wife and son, he craved domesticity.

Verlaine was one of the gods of Modigliani, Pascin, and the other Bohemians of Montmartre and Montparnasse whose lives were similarly tragic. The Hansons write:

He was absolutely without the moral sense that society has found it necessary to adopt in self-preservation; to him the body, no matter whose body, was fair game. It was also, as were the millions of scents, sounds and sights in his world, an experience to be transmuted into a work of art. He who had played at poetry was finding himself . . . a born poet; a man who wrote poetry as he drew breath. . . .

Adventure, sex, alcohol, drugs—these were the keys with which Verlaine, Rimbaud, and some less widely known poets tried to open the gates to paradise. Repelled by the matter-of-fact bourgeois society, the automatization of the Machine Age, they attempted to break through the limits of every-day experience to a higher reality, to attain the essence of things. To make the excursion into the world of the unknown, the mind had to be freed of its shackles of reason; it had to be whipped into a paroxysm by any means available. Let the body be wrecked, let the individual be regarded by polite society as a criminal: it was more important to extend the range of one's sensations, to remove the blinders called normal intelligence.

In some ways, Verlaine never grew up. But in his childlike enthusiasm he produced poetry that is still as fresh, as pure, as musical as it was when it first startled the world. While the present book is mainly biographical, and not much of an attempt is made to offer a history of aesthetics during the Third Republic, or to evaluate Verlaine's symbolist verses, with their original phraseology and onomatopoeic music, enough samples of his work are inserted in the text (often with English translation) to enable the reader to understand that, beyond being a tramp or a lecher, Verlaine was one of the subtlest versifiers of his time.

ALFRED WERNER

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This comprehensive new volume embraces the world of the American Jewish community as it is today, and tells how it came to be what it is. 18 experts describe the status of Religion (Orthodox, Conservative, Reform), Interfaith Relations, Jewish Education, the Impact of Zionism, Music, Jewish Literature, Labor, the Community, the American Rabbi, etc.

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THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

Strangers in the Land: Patterns of American Nativism, 1860-1925, by John Higham. Rutgers University Press. 431 pp. \$6.00.

Ancestors and Immigrants: A Changing New England Tradition, by Barbara Miller Solomon. Harvard University Press. 276 pp. \$4.75.

American Nationalism: An Interpretative Essay, by Hans Kohn. The Macmillan Company. 272 pp. \$5.00.

The first two books, both by young scholars, are examples of the new writing of history as social history rather than as a history of events or a history of ideas. Professor Higham, coming to teaching from journalism, is intent upon using the best insights of both the humanities and the social sciences in the explanation of historical phenomena. Barbara Miller Solomon is a student of Professor Oscar Handlin, the well-known historian of immigration. Indeed, immigration, the topic of the Higham as well as the Solomon book, invites the application of sociological concepts; in turn, no adequate sociological analysis in this field is possible without an awareness of how it all came about. Of the two, Higham's book is more inclusive, Solomon's more detailed. Higham's book is an encompassing survey of the entire history of immigration from the beginning of the Civil War to the adoption of the restrictive immigration legislation of the 1920's; Solomon's book is a filigreed essay on the history of Boston's Immigration Restriction League and the subtle changes in the New England mind which finally led to the adoption of the League's policy, local as well as national. Both books thus complement each other, with Higham the textbook and Solomon the complementary reading.

To all those who believe that the liberal interpretation of Americanism is the only permissible, that is, the only truly "American" interpretation, these books are apt to provide a wholesome shock. The very phenomenon of continued large-scale immigration, originally hailed as the essence and evidence of American self-confidence, optimism and liberalism, has not only brought about rude popular nativistic movements, but has also led influential groups of American intellectuals to adopt illiberal counsels

of despair, to abandon themselves to alarmist sentiments of foreboding, and to advocate legislation so unabashedly racist in motivation as to make the reader wonder how this could have been made compatible with the great "American idea" of unity in diversity of which one otherwise hears and reads so much. What we have here before us is not merely the contradiction between the American "deed" and the American "creed," as Gunnar Myrdal once explained it. The contradiction resides in the American creed itself, and the question is whether the "stranger" is permitted to help shape America as an equal among equals or whether he is "accepted" only on condition that he adopts lock, stock and barrel and with good cheer what the Brahmins have laid down for him. Needless to say, "stereotypes" abound in the story. The Irishman must be imagined as a shifty drunkard, the Italian as a cowardly knife-wielder, the Jew as a shrewd bargainer before they can be condemned with a perfectly good conscience before the forum of liberal opinion. Especially the views about Jews that were expressed by leading American patriots in the decades preceding the immigration restriction laws ought to be read with attention: what once was said can be said again if another national crisis should be upon us. It is the very same thing that has been said about Jews in all countries at all times. America has changed the context, but not the content.

As far as the wider topic is concerned, both books end on a somber note, stating that the victory of immigration restriction has changed the very texture of American life. The ideology of race, which lingers on in our immigration and naturalization laws, is an ideology of fear that begets other fears, mounts hysteria upon hysteria, and betrays the potentialities of America under freedom. We recommend the book by Higham as well as the one by Solomon to all those that are concerned with the recovery of freedom.

Professor Hans Kohn, a prolific writer, has become known for a whole series of books written on the theme of nationalism. All these books are very scholarly in the sense that they give proof of immense erudition, including quotations from authors that are generally forgotten, but they are also replete

with strong predilections and prejudices. The present book is carved of the same wood, but it has the advantage that this time Kohn is fully in sympathy with his subject. While, in other contexts, nationalism does not enjoy his approval, American nationalism does. This is not amazing because American nationalism, according to the author, is not "narrow" nationalism or "metaphysical" nationalism. It is not based on a remembrance of things past. Rather, in the English tradition, it is solidly grounded on the tenets of individualism and then enlarged into a vista of all mankind. The idea of the English-liberal foundations of American thought and institutions permeates the book, especially the first two chapters, which are perhaps the best thought-out, certainly the most objective, of the whole book. Also, the central chapter which, under the title "A Republic of Many Republics," deals with the state-federal antithesis in the Constitution and history of America, is excellent. In a few masterly strokes, the focal importance of the Civil War and the reasons why a dynamic "Americanism" prevailed over the weaker conception of a loose confederation of states are clearly delineated.

It is in the last two chapters, called "A Nation of Many Nations" and "A Nation Among Nations" (the titles speak for themselves) that the predilectional and prejudicial flaws come to the fore. Although the composition of American nationality of many strains is acknowledged, their positive contributions are not. Has the German influence indeed been as negative, the Irish influx as disruptive, the Jewish contribution as insignificant as Kohn assumes? The author goes so far as to agree, at least implicitly, with Professors Edward A. Ross and Henry Pratt Fairchild that all that was great and noble in America was in danger of being swamped by the immigrant deluge. In this light, the immigration restriction legislation comes to look like a liberal achievement. In the last chapter, America's international role is vividly portrayed; and especially does the double-edged personality of Woodrow Wilson stand out sharply, but the general tone is far too uncritically optimistic. In the reviewer's opinion, neither do we have reason to assume that the illib-

eral, exploitative, "know-nothing" side of American nationalism is definitely played out, nor should we delude ourselves into believing in the inevitability of America's pre-eminence in the days to come. Also, it must be said that such unwarranted asides as the one on Israeli "aggression" and the contrasting high "morality" of America's policy in the United Nations (p. 224) leave a sour taste.

Kohn's book on America ranks among the best in the series of books on nationalism that he has written; it is rich in stimulations and insights; it contains valuable notes and hints. But, at the same time, it seems rashly conceived and does a lot of whistling in the dark.

WERNER J. CAHNMAN

The World of David Dubinsky, by Max D. Danish. The World Publishing Company. 347 pp. \$4.75.

In this book David Dubinsky is depicted not only as an outstanding labor leader but also as a colorful and influential civic figure. His achievements in both fields give his career the aura of an Horatio Alger success

story. He came to this country from Poland in 1911, a youth of nineteen who had already suffered incarceration and Siberian exile for his union activities. In New York he gave up his baker's trade for the cutting room and joined both the Cutters Union and the Socialist party. For a time, while learning English and the ways of those about him, he remained a passive observer. Once sufficiently familiar with both the language and the mores of his adopted land, however, he became a dynamic participant in union and Socialist activities. His zest and drive and aplomb gradually gained him top leadership in his powerful local.

Throughout the 1920's the International Ladies Garment Workers Union was torn apart in bitter strife between Communist and anti-Communist factions. Spurred by the newly organized Communist party, its members who held important posts within the union tried by every feasible means to wrest control from the entrenched Socialist leaders. The struggle was fierce and without quarter. As the wrangling increased, President Morris Sigman, a determined but tactless fighter, leaned more and more heavily

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on Dubinsky's loyal and efficacious support. The Communist faction was finally defeated, but by that time the union was nearly destroyed. Sigman was replaced by the ailing but popular Emil Schlesinger, and Dubinsky emerged as the most astute and forceful leader of the spent organization. At Schlesinger's sudden death in 1932 Dubinsky became his logical successor.

When Dubinsky assumed the presidency both the union and the garment industry were in desperate straits. The majority of workers were wholly or partially unemployed, and few of them retained membership in the union. Bold and confident and shrewd, Dubinsky set about rebuilding local after local with infectious enthusiasm and drive. The establishment of the NRA came as a godsend. With remarkable enterprise and astute generalship he succeeded in quintupling the membership within a single year and thereby put the union on a sound financial basis. Thereafter the ILG spread rapidly in areas previously unorganized, and in the course of time became one of the most progressive and strongest labor organizations in the United States. Dubinsky's reputation soared and he was soon generally acknowledged as a powerful and influential leader not merely within the labor movement but also in liberal politics and civic enterprise.

Max Danish, for many years the editor of the union's magazine, writes of David Dubinsky with the uncritical adulation of the loyal admirer. In his pages his hero emerges almost without blemish, a practical idealist of extraordinary ability who has dedicated his life to the success of his union and the welfare of mankind. Dubinsky's aggressive anti-Communism receives unstinted praise; his struggle for power within the American Labor party in the early 1940's is discussed not as a fight for control against Sidney Hillman but as an astute perception of what the organization was to become after it had been deprived of its liberal membership by Dubinsky himself. While the book dwells at length on Dubinsky's personal achievements and the tangential accomplishments of the union, it says almost nothing of how well the membership fared in recent years. Nor is anything said of the current earnings and working conditions of ILG members as com-

pared with Amalgamated or other union workers.

Danish does not touch on a problem that has been troubling many friends of labor in recent years: whether or not it benefits a union be led indefinitely by one man. While Dubinsky is not alone in his long leadership, and while he has not taken undue advantage of his dominance within the union, one cannot help wondering whether his strong paternalism and single control are desirable elements in the long-run growth of the organization.

The World of David Dubinsky provides an informative and readable, if somewhat rambling, account of the man's career and of the union's nature and development, but it lacks the incisiveness and objectivity of the impartial writer.

CHARLES A. MADISON

Deadline, by Paul Darcy Boles. The Macmillan Co. 254 pp. \$3.75.

Ninety years have passed since the Emancipation Proclamation. In 1954, the Supreme Court of the United States took the second and logical step toward the implementation of freedom. Its decision on integration decreed that all educational facilities be made available to both white and Negro students on an equal basis.

It took all those years for the South to accept Negroes as citizens, and then only as second-class citizens. But this time Southern whites can not indulge in such a protracted period in accepting the law of the land. The tempo of social advancement has been accelerated. To oppose integration is to contend against windmills of delusion; the mills of God stand firm along the stream of human progress.

To support this belief, Mr. Boles has written a short, slight novel. His sentiments are worthy, but his talents are wanting. His protagonist, George Case, is a stock character who personifies all of Mr. Boles' favorite heroes. George Case resembles Abe Lincoln in appearance, Clarence Darrow in eloquence, and William Allen White in profession. George Case just happens to be the editor of a small town newspaper, and the Last of the Great Liberals!

George Case's editorial column sounds the clarion call of justice. He is not afraid

to espouse the good, albeit unpopular, causes—for example, his advocacy of America's essential support of the infant democracy, Israel. His column is widely read, respected, and quoted. The Board of Directors, meeting in the Chase Manhattan Bank, grudgingly concede that in the South, Case has become a Shaper of Opinion. Naturally, his opinion on the desegregation order is awaited with keen interest. Where will he stand? What will be his published position? But for an interminable week, George Case remains curiously silent. He cannot speak in the midst of his fierce, private ordeal.

Shall he go against his own and support a federal law which his sovereign state of Virginia regards as tantamount to miscegenation? Shall he abandon the magnolia-scented traditions for which his forebears laid down their lives? Or shall he speak out for decency and the inevitability of brotherhood, for the courage to accept the responsibilities of mature government, for the foresightedness that prepares future citizens to enter the ranks of an adult electorate? His life has been dedicated to the freedoms of man. Dare he now invoke the freedom of speech which will alienate him from the company of men of his own caste?

For four days Case agonizes through an ordeal of soul searching. And as the deadline of the Sunday edition approaches, George Case meets the deadline in his own soul. He will be true to his principles even if it kills him (and it almost does). But truth has a wonderfully therapeutic quality. His editorial honesty inspires new courage in his alcoholic wife and new respect in his vacillating associates. The battle lines are drawn. Those with small minds and loud voices will fight to maintain the moribund status quo. But the hunger for education is insatiable. The demand for opportunity cannot be stilled; the march on the schoolhouse cannot be stemmed. Progress is inexorable; though deterred, it cannot be defeated.

TANIA BERMAN

Radiation, by Jack Schubert and Ralph E. Lapp. The Viking Press. 314 pp. \$3.95.

Two able scientists, one a radiation authority and the other a nuclear physicist, here present a full-scale study of the existence of radiation and of its place in indus-

trial and medical America. They explore and illuminate the menace of radiation and its origins today. While most of us regard radiation as an incident of atomic energy, the writers explore this strange power from the date of its inception—the discovery of X-ray by Professor Roentgen in 1895—down to the present time. Several chapters are devoted to a discussion of definitions of the types of rays and to a study of their effect upon the human body, including the strange affinity of the different rays for different areas and organs of the human body.

Early in the work the scientists make the disquieting observation that "human beings are not equipped with any sense organs which respond to the penetrating radiation. Man is essentially 'blind' to the presence of radiation—a fact which magnifies the terrifying aspects of the hazard." The writers explore the early uses of X-ray, the painful realization of the deadly nature of its rays, and the international efforts made to establish a measurable level of toleration; and they give several examples of the injury and ultimate death of doctors and scientists due to a lack of understanding of the nature of the hazard.

With the unleashing of atomic energy came the new, large-scale release of radiation and the new and yet unknown hazard—radioactive fall-out. The writers study in detail the nature of the rays and the ways in which radioactive particles are carried around the world by the fall-out of the hydrogen type of explosions. They explore atomic accidents, cite case histories, and study at some length the effect radioactive fall-out and exposure had on unborn children at the time of Hiroshima. Then they examine the even more terrifying effects of radioactive fall-out upon future generations. We are shocked to learn that hereditary degenerative mutations or changes can be brought about by the prolonged exposure of a mother to X-ray treatment and that children are equally menaced by X-ray shoe-fitting devices. The words of these scientists must be studied by all who would be alert to this new hazard.

Much of the new scientific terminology is used, but adequate definitions are given in a competent glossary at the end of the work. Some few chapters are devoted to the dan-

gers inherent in peace-time uses of atomic energy. Always there is the problem of disposing of radioactive wastes. Because of the slow rate of decay, an item may remain radioactive for a term of years, and during all this time may have the power to render radioactive any item with which it comes into contact. Moreover, the peril of a collision of an atomic-powered locomotive with other objects in a crowded city-area or the falling of a like-powered aircraft over a city would have consequences in radioactive release of a nature unlike any earlier industrial experience. Because of this the authors take it for granted that atomic power will be limited to large stationary plants, far from urban areas, and to ocean-going freighters. But because some types of injury will not make themselves felt for years and possibly decades, existing laws with their attendant statutes of limitations are inadequate to protect industrial workers from the consequences of radiation injury.

This is a work filled with detailed information. In a simple volume it correlates existing knowledge of the details of the hazard now upon us. But while the study is

detailed, the scientific works relied upon are complete and exhaustive; nevertheless, the authors give the impression of having written in great haste and under tremendous time-pressure. This is no leisurely academic study, but rather a disturbed and disturbing clarification-call to education. Perhaps the most significant fact about the work, however, is not so much the horror of the phenomenon the authors present, but their belief that by education and a clear knowledge of the growth, effect, and potential of this hazard the peoples of the world will gain their best and only equipment with which to combat it.

MARK J. SATTER

Myth and Guilt, by Theodor Reik. George Braziller, Inc. 432 pp. \$5.75.

This is one of the most profoundly interesting books to appear in years. It is a psycho-analytic "whodunit" so engrossing that the reader will be unable to put it down till the mystery is solved. The mystery which Dr. Reik as a psycho-analyst has set himself to solve in this book is the psychological understanding of the origin, nature, and development of what he considers to be the

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"This volume is one of the few really original products of Jewish thought in our time." —MARTIN BUBER

" . . . a genuinely original contribution to philosophical thought in the Jewish mind and pattern. —The Jewish Spectator \$5.00

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collective sense of guilt which plagues humanity, as well as the need for punishment which accompanies that allegedly deep-seated feeling of guilt.

Freud, as Dr. Reik points out, had no clue to the origin of the feeling of guilt, but he believed it was intensified in the individual by sexual repression. Dr. Reik, however, feels that it is not the sexual repression that leads to guilt, but the aggressiveness which is provoked by the pent-up sexual desires. When this aggressiveness is repressed its energy, according to Dr. Reik, is transformed into guilt feelings. Thus, the guilt feelings turn their punishing power against the person himself.

It is not, however, thwarted erotic desire, says Dr. Reik, that constitutes the origin of the repressed aggressiveness which leads to guilt feelings, but rather the attempt to repress the innate drives toward aggression and violence.

Dr. Reik develops his theory of collective guilt by appealing to such evidence as the universal presence of the sense of sin among men, the enactment of the story of the Fall in their myths, and the expiatory and other evidences of their religious beliefs and practices. All this evidence, Dr. Reik suggests, points to the "obvious premise" that man's feeling of guilt must refer to a misdeed, sin, or crime that was committed (or was supposed to have been committed) by all men. What was this misdeed, sin or crime? It was that at some time in the paleolithic period man's remote ancestors killed and ate their god who, from the recurring motif of the tree in man's recurring myths, was most probably a tree totem. The origin of the feeling of guilt from which mankind collectively suffers is traceable, according to Dr. Reik, to this original sin.

This is the bare bones of Dr. Reik's conclusion. Interesting as that conclusion is, it is the extraordinarily skillful and ingenious manner in which the author works toward his conclusion that compels our admiration. Dr. Reik is conscious of the fact that in developing his solution he may, here and there, have fallen into error. And, indeed, he has done so. His errors are largely due to reliance upon outmoded authorities. And, surely, Dr. Reik must be among the few people now living who have not heard of

the decline and fall of Piltdown Man—to whom he refers as if his status had never even been questioned. The two gravest, among the major errors committed by Dr. Reik are, first, his assumption of an innate archetypal collective guilt in man, and second, his assumption of the innate aggressiveness of human nature. Nowhere in this big book does Dr. Reik produce a tittle of evidence for either of these assumptions. On the other hand, he admits that such assumptions "have a highly subjective character and cannot claim to be scientific in a sense that can be proved or verified." Dr. Reik falls back on "the findings of prehistory" and "the insights of psycho-analysis" for his belief in the innate aggressiveness of human nature. As an anthropologist I know of no such findings of prehistory. With respect to "the insights of psycho-analysis" it should be said that there are many students of human nature who would maintain that, in this particular connection at least, these "insights" constitute a misinterpretation of the evidence. What such interpreters take to be biologically determined can be shown to be culturally conditioned. It is the biologicistic fallacy in a new form. The biologicistic fallacy appears in its extremest form in Dr. Reik's final chapter, which is surely one of the most wrong-headed and depressingly pessimistic performances since the prophecies of Jeremiah. Man, asserts Dr. Reik, is a moral climber who, because he attempts to be better than his moral capital permits him to be, must always fall. Man, as Dr. Reik sees him, is a sort of cheeky devil whose "murderous instincts" can be tamed "only to a certain very modest extent." The belief that "Christian love and the expectation that men can be made into kind, noble, and virtuous beings are equally foolish and futile."

Looking over the past history of mankind one can well understand how anyone might arrive at such dismal conclusions. Freud did, and Dr. Reik in every way supports his teacher and friend. Something must be the cause of man's aggressiveness. What can it be? "The Death Instinct," said Freud. "Murderous instincts," says Dr. Reik. "Cultural conditioning," say the anthropologists, as well as a good many psychologists. Today, happily, it can be shown by scientifically

verifiable means that Dr. Reik's assumptions and conclusions are profoundly wrong.

ASHLEY MONTAGU

Habima, by Raikin Ben-Ari. Translated by A. H. Gross and I. Soref. Thomas Yesso-loff, Inc. 247 pp. \$5.00.

Though the complete history of the first Hebrew Theater, the Habima, still remains to be written, Raikin Ben-Ari, a member of the original group and former head of the acting department of the Dramatic Workshop of the New School for Social Research, in his *Habima* has written a very moving and warm account of the establishment and subsequent development of this remarkable theatrical enterprise. His story, filled with interesting glimpses of such men as the great Armenian Vachtangov and his teacher, the almost legendary Stanislavsky of the Moscow Art Theater, and the poet Bialik, is all the more engrossing for a generation for whom the Habima is no more than a 20th Century theatrical footnote.

The chief founder of the Habima was Nahum Zemach, its time of conception was 1919, and the place was revolutionary Moscow. "The conditions and circumstances which brought the Habima into existence in those war years," writes Ben-Ari, "were common to hundreds of cultural and theatrical groups . . . in Russia." But in the great sweep of nationalism in Russia during the post-war years, the State had little encouragement for a Hebrew theater. True, at first Zemach's tiny struggling group did secure its license as a state theater, but this sanction was hardly sufficient to enable the group to keep itself alive, particularly in the face of the keen competition in the capital—a competition which included the Yiddish Chamber Theater, already strongly established with a wide popular following.

Yet despite financial struggles and daily setbacks and disappointments, the Habima continued to work for "an honorable and dignified theater . . . in harmony with the dignity of Jewish traditions and aspirations." Soon its high artistic achievements were recognized by the cultural leaders of Moscow. Its first widespread artistic success came with the production of Ansky's *The Dybbuk* under Vachtangov's brilliant direction. Some of the most exciting pages in the book deal

with the enormous influence of this man upon the company, for despite its lack of essential unity as a group each member of the Habima responded to the great director.

His success with *The Dybbuk* gave the group a national reputation, and following in the next few years came other notable successes, such as a revival of Pinski's *The Eternal Jew*, *The Golem*, and Richard Beer Hoffman's *Jacob's Dream*. With Vachtangov's death the Habima turned to other directors. Even the celebrated Stanislavsky directed; and though working in a language foreign to himself, he felt with Bialik that there was a special language of art which any audience could follow. It was this dedicated art of the Habima, which Stanislavsky and others—many of them, like himself, non-Jewish, recognized that sustained it. Failing to win popular support in Moscow, even though writers and poets such as Gorki and Ivanoff had hailed it, the Habima decided to seek its audience abroad. Wherever the company went it won enthusiastic applause:

We were treated everywhere as the prodigies of the Jewish world. At the banquets given in our honor we were always treated as outstanding artists and were proclaimed pioneers of the Hebrew theater, making a singular contribution . . . toward Hebrew culture, but . . . no community, no organization came to tell us: "You have worked, struggled, suffered to give us something which we needed so badly . . . We need you. We must have you if our culture is to survive." All we heard were endless flattering speeches. And as often happens with such speeches, they were soon forgotten—and so were we.

Things were no better in the United States which the company visited in 1926 under Sol Hurok's management. The American theater of the 20's was too commercial to accept the group; and in 1927 it was officially dissolved, with a section of it eventually making its way to Israel, where it now functions. But the tiny group that remained loyal to its leader Zemach—and this included Ben-Ari—remained in the United States. After a few years of struggle, it too was disbanded, for the Hebrew-speaking group could not compete with the more light-hearted Yiddish troupes. The Hebrew Art Theater had no future in America. Its members are scattered over the country. None of them met with success, the author notes, but at least as individual artists they achieved some artistic satisfaction in carry-

ing on the high traditions of their group and in passing on in turn the principles they had learned from their great instructors, Vachtangov and Stanislavsky.

Though Ben-Ari's book has no happy ending, it is not a record of failure. On the contrary, it is inspiring as an account of group enterprise and of individual energy; and it is never so inspiring as when it emphasizes the artistic standards by which as a company it won fame. Too, its reminiscences and personal vignettes of actors, directors, poets, designers, and men of the arts make it a record for which the theatrical historian of the future must be grateful.

SYLVAN KARCHMER

Academic Freedom, by Russell Kirk. Henry Regnery Company. 210 pp. \$3.75.

This book is not really a book on academic freedom. It does not examine the relation of academic freedom to the individual student or teacher, or to the educational system. It is not a discussion of changes in the concept academic freedom from earlier times to the present. It is not an analysis of presumed benefits to scholars where academic freedom exists, nor does it explore the limitations imposed upon students or teachers where academic freedom has been threatened or denied. These subjects are included, but only as they have bearing on the major interest of the author: the role of higher education in American culture today.

The author related this latter topic to two general sets of information: (1) pronouncements on educational theory by leading educators and social philosophers and (2) events occurring in certain American universities and educational areas.

Among the leading educators whose ideas are included are John Dewey, Sidney Hook, and Robert M. Hutchins. Events given particular prominence involve dismissals at the University of Chicago and the University of Nevada. Educational ideas and social philosophies of other individuals are reviewed, such as those of Henry S. Commager, Theodore Brameld, and William F. Buckley, Jr. These and others are grouped by the author into one or the other of two opposing camps in regard to attitudes towards education and academic freedom. The one group he labels doctrinaire liberals; the other, the indoctrinators.

To the first, the author ascribes a belief in the autonomy of the scholar and teacher apart from governmental or other influences outside the "academy" or the teaching profession. To the second he ascribes the role of servants of society, "hired for money to do a job." The author sets up his own camp: "In my eyes, the scholar and teacher are bearers of the word—that is, the conservators and promulgators of knowledge in all its forms; they are neither simply hired functionaries nor simple knights errant."

Mr. Kirk says that academic freedom is a particular kind of freedom which resides only in the academy; that is, it does not extend beyond the walls of the educational institution and is not to be identified with the more generalized term "intellectual freedom." It is a right provided by common consent and traditional respect for learning and the teaching profession; it is not a right proscribed by law.

In education, as in other matters, he believes that a divine intent rules society. Moreover, "... the principal support to academic freedom . . . has been the conviction, among scholars and teachers that they are bearers of the word—dedicated men, whose first obligation is to truth . . . —truth derived from apprehension of an order more than natural or material."

He criticizes adversely those teaching programs constructed for the many students, rather than for the few scholars, and cites instances where there has been a lowering of academic standards to permit education on an increasingly larger scale. He develops case-histories where recognized liberal educators have committed acts less than liberal, and he cites further instances of intolerance on the part of professional educators in both colleges and high schools. He seems interested in showing that educational programs fostered by liberal men are not always liberal, and that education designed for the many is sometimes not education at all, even for the few. In his academy, there is little room for flexibility in matters educational; the rule is: education is for scholars; let all others who would learn learn elsewhere.

The author is a well-read spokesman; some of his pages are difficult to read because of the masses of quoted materials which may confuse the unwary reader. He has, more-

over, a special device for winning arguments; to state what Mr. Hutchins, Mr. Hook, or Mr. Dewey, or anyone else "must have meant," and then, like Quixote, to vanquish the creatures of his own construction. But even the most incautious reader can avoid being confounded by such mental gymnastics if he remains aware of prevailing and proved trends in contemporary society. Chief among these are the sure advances in factual knowledge, the fruitfulness of the scientific method, and the common struggle of all men, scholar and layman alike, to make life more secure and meaningful. It seems safe to say that none of these factors, however ignored in this book, will permit education today to regress to Mr. Kirk's academy.

MAXINE W. GORDON

Attorney for the Damned, edited and with notes by Arthur Weinberg. Foreword by Justice William O. Douglas. Simon and Schuster. xxiii plus 552 pp. \$6.50.

This book, published at the tail end of the year in which the Clarence Darrow Centenary was marked, is the best single volume by which to remember an American folk figure whose forensic exploits are immortal. Reading it, with the pointed aid of Mr. Weinberg's editorial notes, one may revivify the unkempt, unfettered and soaring philosopher of the courtrooms of many cities in cases dramatic with tragedy and grandeur. Men guilty and guiltless of many high crimes and misdemeanors, men of bold dreams and daring deeds, and men of abyssmal depths of degradation, these were the central figures of Darrow's trials during more than half a century of varied legal practice. But he, more than anyone else, was the real hero of these cases. For the most part, the defendants and witnesses and judges and prosecutors live only because Darrow gave meaning to their lives and lusts.

It used to be that one could readily pick up copies of the various Darrow pleas, debates and miscellaneous speeches, published in pamphlets of all sizes and shapes and hues. Latterly, they have become increasingly scarce, as people, even young people, have shown growing awareness of their qualities. The centennial simply intensified this situation. Just as the supply of the offprints was exhausted, this exciting book was pub-

lished, and it, too, is difficult to keep in print. For the Darrow legend grows.

What is it that gives the Darrow story such validity and cogency even today? The answer is found anew in each plea, reprinted in this book. One may take the Loeb-Leopold plea as not only the most famous but quite typical of the others. In it Darrow outlined the factual situation with the clarity, narrative skill and sense of characterization that mark a good storyteller; giving neither too much nor too little, and being specific and concrete, rather than vague and scattered. Thus the judge knew exactly what the case was about. At the same time, Darrow made the defendants part of a story and a situation that were larger than themselves. He gave meaning to what was meaningless before then. Instead of a senseless, unmotivated crime of peculiar horror, the offense committed by Loeb and Leopold became part of the dark, tangled, tragic jungle in which all youth struggles. Killing them would mean the slaughter of all young people who travel in blindness and despair over roads that are unilluminated and jagged and at a dead-end. One truly feels that Darrow was pleading not only for his clients, but, as he said, for all the young people of the earth, even in the remote future.

All of the pleas have this quality, and so survive the topical issues with which they deal, just as the obscure kings and dukes and grundlings of a Shakespeare chronicle play take on immortality.

ELMER GERTZ

The Naked God, by Howard Fast. Frederick A. Praeger. 197 pp. \$3.50.

The Naked God represents a belated contribution to the growing literature of disenchantment with the Communist Party and the Soviet Union. It is a disturbing experience to read this bitter recantation, especially when one recalls the author's past, his fanatical loyalty to the Communist cause, his vitriolic intemperateness of language in attacking liberals or writers who were not "true believers." Now at long last he has made a clean confession of his ideological sins, but what on earth held him back for so many years? It was in 1956, thirteen years after he had joined the Party, that he made this crucial decision to break away.

He could no longer remain silent while witnessing the crimes of the Soviet hierarchy, the torture of innocent men. His dream-world of Marxist pseudo-religious precepts crashed about him when he perceived that he was dealing not with a science of society but with unconscionable and abysmal terror. Here is the elaboration of a frightful paradox: in the name of a sacred ideal, men were corrupted, defiled, driven into crime. Inspired by a noble ideal of freedom and justice for mankind, they compromised with evil and degraded their souls—thus betraying the very cause they worked for.

The Naked God is an intellectually muddled and pathetic book. It is distressing, to put it mildly, to watch these writhings of a guilty conscience, these twists of casuistry, these agonies of expiations. His tendency, as he confesses, is to see the world in sharp blacks and whites. Convinced that Fascism must be defeated and that the most consistent fighter against it was Russia, he did not draw back from the logic of his position. Though he had seen other writers join the Party and then abandon it in extreme disillusionment, he nevertheless went ahead, as if under an inner compulsion to hasten the birth of a better world. But if, as Fast admits, the writer requires freedom if he is to grow and create, by what perversion of reason did he arrive at the conclusion that affiliation with the Party was the road to freedom?

His record speaks for itself. He has now learned that it is the task of the Communist Party to rob the writer of his freedom and exploit, if not prostitute, his talent. He has discovered, what he must have suspected all along, that the Soviet Union has been guilty of recurrent outbursts of anti-Semitism. Joining the Party did not bring him peace of mind. Step by step, he sold his soul as part of the historic process whereby he hoped mankind would be redeemed under the orders of the Commissar. For the first thing the Party hierarchy does with the newly enrolled member is to strip him of his "bourgeois" illusions, his refractoriness, his individualism, his tendency to think and judge for himself. Only by slavishly following commands does the candidate to the proletarian priesthood prove his fidelity and worth. Yet for thirteen years, until he pub-

licly announced his divorce from the Party, Howard Fast had lived this double life and glorified all that the lie stood for.

Here is an autobiographical confession designed to show how the spirit of the writer is progressively humiliated in the name of discipline, how he is broken into harness and forced to conform. Howard Fast suffered in silence the ignominies that were heaped upon him; he observed without protest the miscarriage of justice, the heavy-handed authoritarianism with which the Party bosses ruled the rank and file; yet he continued to serve, to mouth the Party slogans and shibboleths, to obey all Party decisions. Why did he stick to his degrading post? Is it pride to connive at falsehood and live a lie? Is loyalty to comrades more imperative than loyalty to mankind? Yet there were elements in his personality which predisposed him to question arbitrary decisions, bureaucratic control, Party coordination, though he never allowed this intellectual recalcitrance to affect his conduct. He was afraid that he would be expelled from the Party and exiled from the only world where he felt at home. That is why he went to extremes, suffered martyrdom for his political faith, went to prison, risked his life—"as if I had to prove what I knew to be a cruel lie, that this was worth dying for."

It was the Khrushchev report that unsealed his eyes and broke the evil spell that held him in thrall. His departure from the Party gave him his first exhilarating feeling of freedom, as of one who had escaped from a nightmare. Intellectually liberated, he could now "defend Freud and the science of the mind." He was free to point out that the absurd doctrine of "cosmopolitanism" was but a camouflage for the curse of anti-Semitism. "I was able to charge that the Jewish people were prisoners within the Soviet Union." He documents the insidious way in which the absolute control exercised by the commissar debases the writer and turns him into a hireling. But what he reveals with such reluctance is neither startlingly new nor historically important. It is an old and, by this time, familiar story, only it is given sharp dramatic emphasis in terms of his own sufferings. Here is further confirmation, if such were needed, of the brutal and systematic technique employed by the

Communist leadership, both in the United States and in Soviet Russia, in suppressing freedom of thought, denying individuality of expression, and transforming the writer into a rubber-stamp of certified ideological sentiments.

The parts of *The Naked God* that are most absorbing are those in which Howard Fast tries to clear himself of blame, to justify his dilatoriness in withdrawing from the Party when it was guilty of such monstrous crimes. He cites instance after instance where, long before the Khrushchev report was released, he was horrified by the evils of the Communist leadership. What is more, charges were brought against him twelve times, but he managed to avoid the ignominy of expulsion, even after he had become disillusioned. Apparently he could not make up his mind. The most painful section of the book describes the ordeal of humiliation to which, as a writer, he was subjected by the dominant Party functionaries. From the start, his books were tested in the crucible of orthodoxy and found wanting; they were full of "errors of a bourgeois nature." Why did he abdicate his moral responsibility, why was he abjectly willing to defer to the judgment and power of the commissar? Why? His answer always is: As an anti-Fascist, a believer in Socialism, why should he quit because of this arrant nonsense? But is it nonsense? Is it a sign of moral courage to fight against the fate of expulsion? Listen to this confession: "The strength I exhibited is nothing to be proud of, and the fact that I was reduced to a point where I scanned each manuscript microscopically in hope that I could frustrate the end critique is utterly contemptible as I look back upon it." When his book, *My Glorious Brothers*, was published, he was brought up on the astonishing charge of being tainted with Jewish bourgeois nationalism. What does that mean in simple language? "Jewish nationalism is anti-Party, anti-Soviet, anti-progressive." His novel, *Spartacus*, was violently denounced by the Party on the ground that it contained psycho-analytic words. Howard Fast sat down and wept. That was the end. The books he wrote after that were free from ideological error; they were safe—and dead.

It is refreshing to hear Howard Fast talk

about the permanent qualities of conscience and condemn the Communist Party on the ground that it rejects the human conscience. In retrospect he laments the cruel price he had to pay for surrendering his integrity as an artist. Like Alfred Kantorowicz, whose tragic story he relates, he has lost every illusion, and it remains to be seen whether he will ever recover his creative powers. The burden of what he calls "re-creation" may prove too much for him. The question he bluntly puts to a Communist writer in Russia must be the very question that he is asking himself: "Can no one leave the Communist Party honestly and openly, criticize Soviet leadership honestly and openly, and still be treated as a part of mankind?" And, one might add, still remain fully productive? If the Communist Party is, as Howard Fast now knows, "a prison for man's best and boldest dreams," he is to be congratulated on those qualities of courage and innate human decency that forced him to break out.

The Naked God is a poorly organized, hastily written, and on the whole a disappointing book, but it reveals a great deal about the inner workings of the Communist Party and about the relation of the writer to the commissar.

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

Why I Am a Jew, by David de Sola Pool. Bloch Publishing Company. 207 pp. \$2.75.

Some decades ago Edmond Fleg, the French Jew, uttered his religious manifesto as a Jew. It might seem somewhat supererogatory, as if one needed to justify one's faith to the public view. Yet there is a positive, urgent sense in which, under the stress of this modern chaotic age, it is necessary to do so. Such a personal justification is more than individual; it becomes non-denominational, embracing the entire universe, as in the present case. And often it re-states in current terms what must be re-stated in each generation, for the assault of the enemy—call it pragmatism, or the machine age, or by any other ambivalent or heterodox designation—is constant and forceful in its insidious impact.

David de Sola Pool, Rabbi of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue of New York, the oldest Jewish congregation in the United

States, offers a personal account of the way of a Jew, colored by cultural heritage and traditions and channeled in such a way, without meretricious distortions, as to set that Judaic way in the stream of contemporary living.

The author's primary aim is to show that Hebraic culture contains the essentials of a full spiritual life in complete harmony with modern conditions. Judaism, he asserts, means

... ancestral traditions from the past, a distinctive historic consciousness today, and a consecrated purpose for the future which give the Jew strength to persist, and which unite and preserve the Jewish people.

Judaism, then, is more than a formalistic, dogmatic religious expression per se. It is a continuum in time, transcending distance, linking four thousand years into a synthesis that knows the past and predicates a bountiful, optimistic future. That is the essence of David de Sola Pool's thesis. The rest is virtually commentary, but illuminating commentary, erudite yet persuasive.

By means of a cultural-historical panoramic survey—in which Palestine and the biblical sources, the place of the synagogue and the Jewish home, and the joyous spirit that pervades conceptual Judaism are fused into a core of religious mores than establish identity to the Jewish faith—the author gives a rapid but intensely appealing summation of all that Judaism means to the speculative, actively living Jew.

Yet he does not remain aloof in a spiritual ivory tower. He sees Judaism in the modern world, in its tangential associations, as a member of a cosmic creed, exerting beneficial impacts on world problems. He says:

The timeless social principles of the Bible of Moses are still imperatively needed the world over in mankind's continued struggle against racial discrimination, religious intolerance, social injustice, economic enslavement, imperialist aggression, and similar forms of barbarous denials of human rights and liberty.

And in this global situation, Judaism, he continues, has a special mission:

Here among men on earth we can create the Messianic Age. This is the fundamental philosophy of Judaism. This is religion's challenge and goal.

It is an enthusiastic yet balanced message. It should echo resoundingly above the confused clamor, the obfuscating flurry, and the

fatuous excitements of mere material detonations.

HARRY E. WEDECK

The Jewish Population of Greater Washington in 1956, by Stanley K. Bigman. The Jewish Community Council of Greater Washington. 173 pp. \$5.00.

This is a report on an "interview survey," conducted under the auspices of the Jewish Community Council of Greater Washington, regarding the size of the Jewish community in the Nation's capital and its immediate suburbs, also its social characteristics, Jewish education, observance of traditional practices and other phases of Jewish life. The author, Mr. Bigman, is project director of the Division of Research at the American University. He brought in many experts from the U.S. Census Bureau and other Government agencies to organize the survey and to use the latest statistical techniques developed by the Census Bureau.

Jewish communities throughout the country can use this study as an excellent guide for similar surveys. Mr. Bigman's introduction in which he explains how the study was planned and organized, how the interviews were prepared and conducted, and how the assembled material was summarized and converted into a report, should prove most helpful. This is unquestionably a distinct contribution to American Jewish demography. As far as Washington is concerned, it is the first systematic study of the local Jewish community, where heretofore only estimates and guesses were available.

For the purposes of the survey, "only those persons who say that they are Jewish" were counted as Jews. Thus, the very first question asked by the interviewer was: "Are there any Jewish people living in this household?" Any person identified as Jewish was included in the survey, regardless of his ethnic origin or his present or past religion.

The study is divided into eight major sections or chapters as follows: size and distribution of the Jewish population by sex, age and marital status; education, occupation, income, and military service; residential mobility, including place of birth, previous residence, home occupancy; participation in the Jewish community, membership in Jewish and non-sectarian organizations, local

charitable contributions; Jewish education for children and adults, type and amount of such education, Bar-Mitzvah; synagogue membership, frequency of attendance and religious identification; observance of Jewish traditional practices, holidays, Kashruth; intermarriage, including religious behavior and children of intermarriage.

Just a few interesting figures will suffice to illustrate the wealth of material assembled in this survey. The Jewish population of Washington and its suburbs is now placed at 80,900, whereas previous estimates were from 30,000 to 60,000. There are 27,000 households, of which nearly 24,000 are entirely Jewish and the remainder "mixed." The number of persons in the 15- to 29-year group is relatively small compared to other age groups, which indicates a low birth rate in the immediate future. The educational achievement of Washington Jewry is strikingly high: over half of those aged 25 or more have some college training, while 49% of the males and 23% of the females have college degrees. The employment status of Jews in the labor force is divided thus: 37% are employed by the U.S. Government, 36% are employed in private enterprise, 24% are self-employed, 2% in the armed forces, 1% unemployed.

Over 80% of Washington Jews were born in the U.S. More than half of the Jewish persons living in the Washington area moved here from elsewhere in the past quarter of a century. Of interest is the fact that 60.9% of Jewish men belong to no Jewish organization, while 56.4% of the women belong to one or more organizations. Over half of the families (53.3%) reported they do not belong to a synagogue, while the remainder are divided as follows: 11.9% Orthodox, 25.0% Conservative, 6.3% Reform, others unreported. About 80-90% of the men and 60-70% of the women have had some Jewish education, while three-fourths of the children aged 5 to 16 have had some Jewish education.

The chapter on intermarriage is especially interesting. About 3300 households are "mixed"; in these households there are 2400 children, two-thirds (65.9%) of which are reared as Gentiles, only one-quarter (25.4%) are reared as Jews, the remainder (8.7%) some are taught they are Jewish and others

are not. The proportion of intermarriage is higher among men, the more educated, professional and clerical workers, those having higher incomes, and native-born; it is lower among women, the less educated, business people and manual workers, those of lower incomes, and foreign-born.

All of this information is not only interesting and provocative, but should also serve many practical uses for the community at large and for local synagogues, organizations and institutions for future planning.

MURRAY FRANK

Great Ages and Ideas of the Jewish People, edited by Leo W. Schwarz. Random House. 516 pp. \$5.00.

In this era of condensation and dehydration a book to serve the modern reader must either be brief or pack a powerful punch. Considering the range that this book covers, it is both brief and powerful. Mr. Schwarz, editor of the popular anthologies *The Jewish Caravan* and *The Golden Treasury of Jewish Literature*, chose six authorities to write one essay on each of the six great Ages of Judaism: Yehezkel Kaufmann for the Biblical, Ralph Marcus for the Hellenistic, Gerson D. Cohen for the Talmudic, Abraham S. Halkin for the Judeo-Islamic, Cecil Roth for the European, and Salo W. Baron for the Modern.

The somewhat similar academic language of most of the writers makes for a unified style. The only exception is Cecil Roth, who through his directness achieves eloquence. In presentation of subject matter Mr. Roth again differs from his colleagues. They note the various trends and forces that shaped the ideas and values which emerged as Judaism. Mr. Roth, however, in handling an era that begins in the 10th century and continues for 800 years, preferred to write a brief essay about the significance of the Jewish experience to Europe and append to it an essay of equal length describing the typical day of a composite medieval Jew. With this personal procedure, in which ideas and influences are interwoven, we clearly see his home, synagogue, business and societal life. This living approach to history remains the most memorable in the book.

The other essays succinctly cover their topics, but the effects of the rich and influ-

ential Hebrew literature of the Judeo-Islamic age is rather scantily treated. Throughout the book the reader is made aware of the continuum of the Jewish heritage and ideal as he sees the Jewish people wandering through time and space throughout the world. Its basis is the Book that the people carry with them. But only is it ultimately the cause of their survival, but also through the Bible's partial acceptance by the Christian world, it influences the moral concepts of Western civilization and is a partial fulfillment of their old messianic goal that all men shall be united by one law.

Among the unique qualities of the Jews is the fact that up to the Middle Ages a history of the Jewish people is, *ipso facto*, a history of its literature. The Bible, Mishna, Talmud, the Spanish Golden Age of Hebrew Poetry, the commentaries of Rashi and Maimonides, the Shulchan Aruch are inseparable from the mainstream of Jewish history. They are Jewish history. The book traces not only the effects of movements up to our own day, but also shows the legacy to posterity of individuals like the prophets, the Hellene philosopher Philo, the teacher Hillel, the Babylonian scholar Saadia Gaon, Maimonides, Moses Mendelssohn, the Baal Shem-Tov, and Theodore Herzl.

Reading this book is a compact adventure through two millenia of Jewish history. It is a noteworthy addition to any Anglo-Jewish library.

CURT LEVIANT

Ghana, by Kwame Nkrumah. Thomas Nelson & Sons. 288 pp. \$5.00.

Ghana is not only the thrilling story of Kwame Nkrumah as a boy in Nzima, as a student and teacher in Achimota, as a lonely, poverty-stricken, hardworking student at Lincoln University, and still later as a participant in socio-political activities in London, but it is an heroic narrative of how a people obtained self-government. This is always exciting.

A student of philosophy, of revolutionaries and their methods, and a keen political observer always, Nkrumah had for his goal independence for the Gold Coast because he was convinced that "only when a people are politically free" will others "give them the respect that is due to them." "No people

without a government of their own," he says, "can expect to be treated on the same level as peoples of independent sovereign states; . . . no people, no nation can . . . be respected at home and abroad without political freedom."

Introduced to nationalism by an African teacher in Ghana's Achimota College, Nkrumah sojourned in the United States and Britain, where he became increasingly absorbed in the movement. Then one day the touching and moving reunion of mother and son took place, after twelve years of separation, and the fire of nationalism glowed with an intensity that has never since diminished.

In a "new" country where many things were lacking, where disappointed and discontented ex-servicemen had already organized a union and general dissatisfaction with existing conditions was growing among the masses, Nkrumah, a man of extraordinary organizing ability and boundless energy, was able within a short time to establish Ghana schools and colleges, committees on youth organizations, youth study groups, youth conferences, and a Committee for Industrial Organization to help promote trade unionism, newspapers, and other needed techniques.

Eventually he felt forced to introduce the party system by organizing his own political party which included not only the small middle-class elite but "the battering-ram of the illiterate masses" without whom it is impossible "to smash the forces of colonialism." For almost ten years Nkrumah carried on agitation, mapped out and executed political educational programs, wrote manifestoes, and lectured to large and small gatherings of people. His program of positive action—"a combination of non-violent methods with effective and disciplined political action"—contributed in no small measure to his arrest and imprisonment.

The first formal association of Britain with the Gold Coast was the Bond of 1844, which gave Britain only trading rights, but which eventually resulted in Britain's establishing full sovereignty over the country. The Fanti Confederation, the earliest manifestation of nationalism, was followed by a nationalist movement called the Aborigines Rights Protection Society. The National Congress of British West Africa and the United Gold

Coast Convention were organized at the end of the Second World War. But it was the disciplined Convention People's Party, organized by Nkrumah in June, 1949, that awakened the masses to effectively demand what others had only longingly hoped for and ardently dreamed of. There was opposition with a demand for federalism, and even a last-minute appeal to the British Government not to grant independence; but on the fundamental choice between colonial status and self-government there was unanimity.

The Independence Motion, known as "The Motion of Destiny," is a logically thought-out document, beautiful in its imagery, emotionally moving and singularly free from bitterness, vindictiveness, and hatred; it is firm yet elastic.

Nkrumah writes: "A few words on paper, handed over to me quietly by the man who had both imprisoned and released me,"

brought to an end what "had seemed to be a never-ending struggle." But Nkrumah knows that "once this freedom is gained, a greater task comes into view: economic independence should follow and maintain political independence." He also believes that in the case of Africa the independence of Ghana is incomplete "unless it is linked up with the liberation of other territories in Africa." The example of Ghana "must inspire and strengthen those who are still under foreign domination." Unless "territorial freedom is ultimately linked up with the Pan-African movement for the liberation of the whole African continent, there can be no hope of freedom and equality for the African and for the people of African descent in any part of the World. . . . The last vestiges of colonialism must be swept from Africa."

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